New Jesuits vs. the Unheavenly City, by Garry Wills

A Scrutable Guide to Chinatown Movies

Boardroom Drama of Bernie Cornfeld's Finish

40 CENTS

AUGUST 2, 1971

NEW YORK

Some rascals in Nashville are betting millions they can stuff New York men into high heels this fall.

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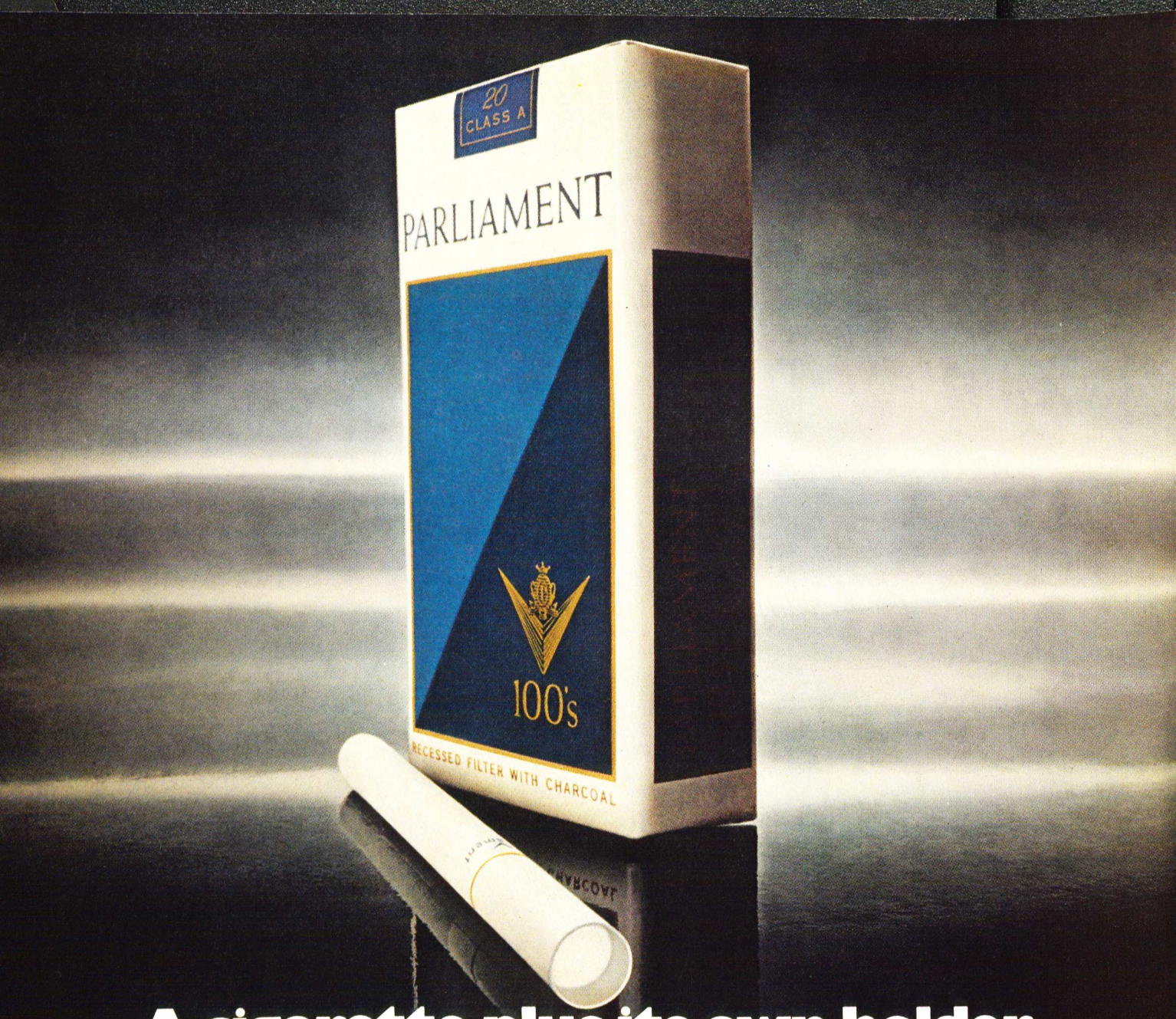

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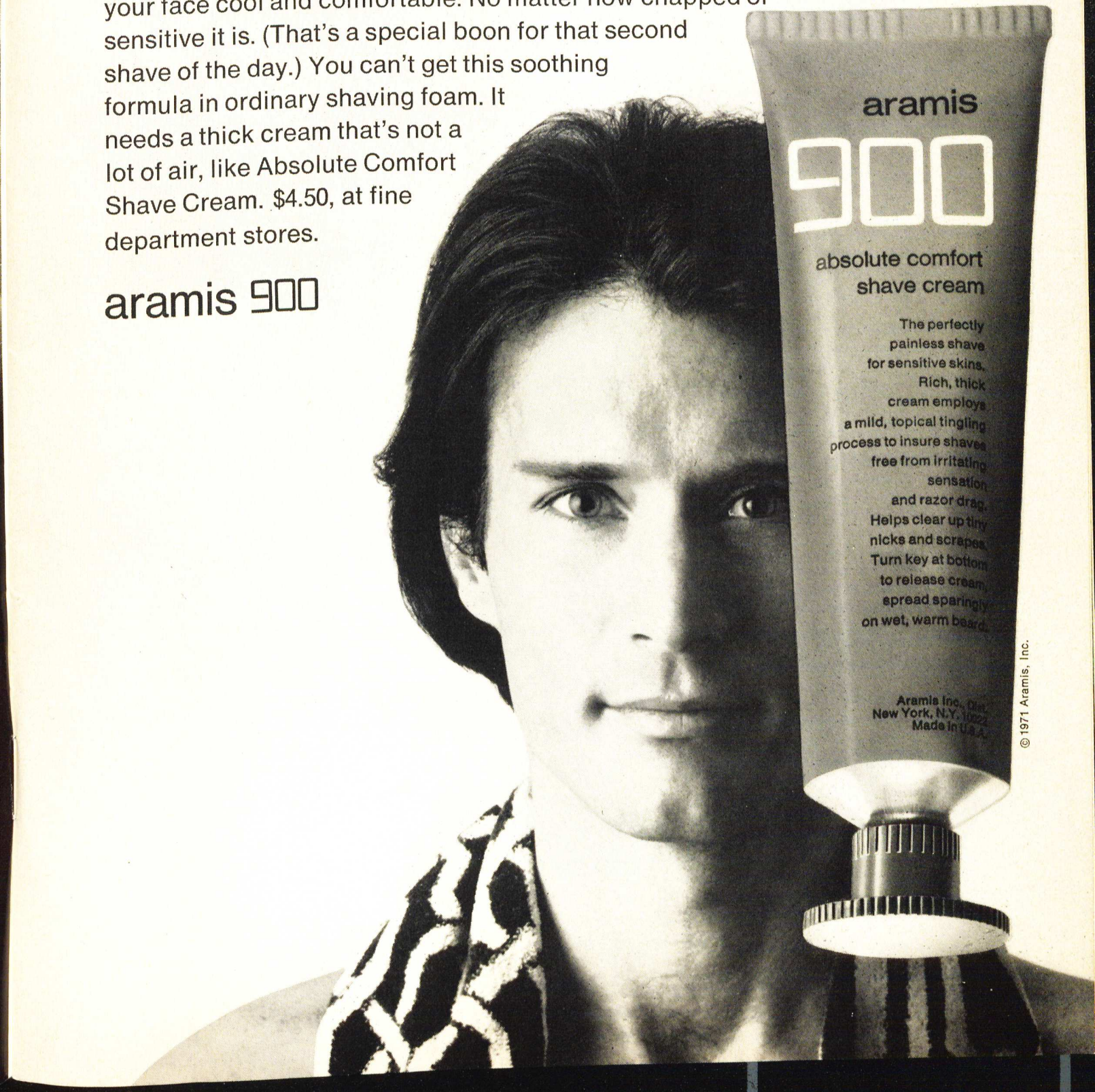
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VOL. 4 NO. 31

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The New Jesuits vs. the Unheavenly City

By Garry Wills

Two years ago the Jesuit seminarians at Woodstock College decided to move their school from its isolated site in rural Maryland to New York's Upper West Side. The motives were noble: to forsake the protection of an isolated world in order to re-enter and serve the real world. The vision of an "urban apostolate," close to Harlem and to a million needy Puerto Ricans, added further impetus to the move. Now, two years later, the Woodstock Jesuits are disheartened. Despite good works accomplished by individuals, they find that the school itself has not had the expected impact on the city. Furthermore, they have also found that the city had a less than admirable impact on *them*. This realization has led them to a re-examination of the basic precepts of Jesuit teaching. Mr. Wills, author of *Nixon Agonistes*, traces the onslaught and growth of this development.

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Face-Lifting New York

Most of the plans for improving the looks of the city have involved new buildings and wholesale redesigning of streets and waterways. A somewhat less drastic plan might be to do a little face-lifting on the buildings we already have. Herein, eight artists each pick a favorite New York building and doodle some new designs on its surface. Whimsy? Maybe so, but every little bit helps.

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Will New York Buy Heels With Soul?

By Julie Baumgold

King Louis XIV strode through history in his high-heeled slippers. Eighteenth-century gentlemen clicked their high heels before sitting down to a string quartet recital. Texas cowboys wobbled across the plains in their high-heeled boots. Now a sharp shoe designer named Rob Cochran has determined that men in all walks of life can regain some of their threatened stature by a return to high heels. Watching him make his New York rounds, as Miss Baumgold recently did, gives one the impression that he knows where he stands when he predicts success for his ideas.

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Bernie Cornfeld Had a Great Fall

By Charles Raw, Bruce Page and Godfrey Hodgson

Much attention has been paid to the ups and downs of Bernard Cornfeld, whose Investors Overseas Services was managing almost $2.5 billion by the end of the 1960s. But up to now no one has taken a really close look at the Cornfeld operation in all its financial and intellectual unglory. Nor at the circumstances that led up to Cornfeld's collapse from power. The writers of this study (Raw is the former financial editor of the London *Sunday Times*, Page is the executive features editor, and Hodgson the foreign features editor) have spent the past months researching and reporting what really happened.

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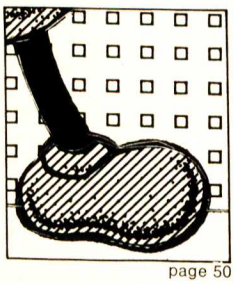

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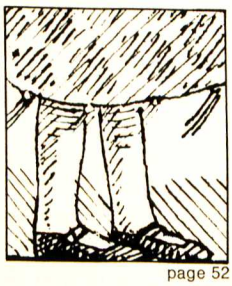

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Can Nixon Give the Shaw Brothers A Runrun for the Money?

By Jerome Snyder and Sol Chaneles

Whether or not the new U.S.-Peking thaw solves the world's *other* problems, it could open the way for a new source of movie entertainment. If so, there is a ready-made audience in the dedicated film buffs of New York's Chinatown.

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Black Plays, White Reviewers

By John Simon

Despite the proclivity of many critics to employ different standards of excellence for black and white theater, a play such as the current *Black Girl* must be judged simply as . . . theater.

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Central Intelligence

By Alan Rich

The new accommodation between Lincoln and City Centers, represented by the City Center takeover of the Beaumont Theater, could represent a major step forward in New York's cultural life.

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The City Politic: Washington, Go Home!

By Roger Starr

In order to create the proposed Gateway National Recreation Area, the U.S. will be grabbing some choice pieces of New York City shoreline. But if the city gives this land away now, Mr. Starr points out, it may lose forever the chance to develop it in a far better way than the Feds could.

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World's Most Challenging Crossword

From *The Sunday Times of London*

Cover: One way for today's man to reach the heights, photographed by Ryszard Horowitz.

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Next Week: The Case for Free Subways

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LETTERS

The Search for a "Y" Site

A recent City Politic ["Let Us Not Be Grateful For Small Favors," by Sheldon Zalaznick, June 21] contains a number of judgments about the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies and its planning process that merit a reply.

The initial impetus for a YM-YWHA in Riverdale came from an indigenous group that wanted services for their children and themselves not otherwise provided in that section of the Bronx. This group sought the assistance of a number of organizations that have had experience in developing such programs, and, from the small parlor meetings with which they began, their efforts grew into a Center with a membership of 1,830 persons. The Center now offers a wide variety of services to all age groups, six days a week, in a modest rented building on West 250th Street in Fieldston. Its history has been a success story.

The Center has long outgrown its facilities. We have been seeking a site for a major building, where the residents of Riverdale could be suitably accommodated for a comprehensive program which covers early childhood education, the cultural arts, Jewish education, physical education, youth services, adult education and activities for Jewish senior citizens.

A YM-YWHA is essentially a cultural center that adds luster to any area in the same way a church, synagogue, or educational institution does. Those who plan, work and generously contribute toward such a YM-YWHA know from their own long experience and the studies of similar institutions that a community, irrespective of its previous character, is never diminished by its presence.

In planning a site for such a building, certain ingredients are essential: adequate plot size, accessibility to all parts of a community, and a good, stable neighborhood. Federation and the Bronx YM-YWHA, mindful of the questions that have been raised by the proposal to purchase a site on 246th Street, have engaged the services of the National Jewish Welfare Board, consultants to YM-YWHAs over the country. The Board will review the needs of the Jewish residents of Riverdale for this type of communal service and explore once again available sites for such an enterprise. We intend to consult a wide range of persons and organizations in Riverdale about these decisions and involve them fully in the future planning for this organization. Hopefully a solution will be found that will receive the overwhelming support of Riverdale residents.

Experience in New York and elsewhere indicates that wherever the Y is eventually located—including the Fieldston property—it will enhance the area as a whole and the life of thousands of people, who will annually come under its influence, and it will enrich the "greening of Riverdale itself."

It is this concern for people, this sensitivity to the needs of neighborhoods, this desire to strengthen community relations, that has been at the core of all Federation planning.

Robert I. Smith
Director, Public Relations
Federation of Jewish Philanthropies
of New York
Manhattan

Mr. Zalaznick replies: Mr. Smith's letter is surely well-intended, but it is not especially reassuring. For the most part, it merely asserts once more, with feeling, the need for a larger Y in Riverdale. The need may be less urgent than he supposes, but I am glad to concede the point in order to get to the main concern of my article—the qualities of mind and heart Federation has thus far shown in locating a Y site.

To say that "a community, irrespective of its previous character, is never diminished by [a Y's] presence" is palpable nonsense. Literally senseless phrase-mongering ("enrich the greening of Riverdale itself") is not a substitute for thought. It is Federation's duty to deal plainly with real problems —how, for example, a large Y can avoid adding horribly to the traffic, parking, and litter problems in the immediate area, and how it would avoid hopelessly overtaxing the already inadequate sewer lines it would necessarily tie into.

But even that degree of candor, while a refreshing change, would not be sufficient. One gathers from Mr. Smith's letter that Fieldston continues to be a candidate for the Y's beneficence. If so, then the Bronx Y and Federation must defend that choice in the light of its *own* thinking.

Mr. Irving Stolz, president of the Bronx YM-YWHA, was kind enough to grant me an interview several weeks ago during which he mentioned four criteria guiding his organization in its site-selection process. The criteria were, as I have them in my notebook:

1. It must be a place children can conveniently get to after school.
2. It must be a place where mothers can conveniently drop their children on their way to work.
3. It must be accessible all year round; snow and ice must not close the place down.
4. It must reflect the quality of the community it is serving. "Image," Mr. Stolz said, "is an important factor."

It seemed to me that the first three criteria were rather compelling arguments *against* building a Y in Fieldston, since several sites down the hill, near Broadway, would meet these criteria far better. Only the fourth factor, I remarked to Mr. Stolz, could possibly recommend Fieldston. By way of reply, Mr. Stolz spoke at some length about the importance of "image." "If we come to Riverdale," he said, "we want to represent the Jewish population of Riverdale in the most dignified fashion." For that reason, Mr. Stolz said, the Y's advisers strongly argued that the Broadway area — where several plausible sites might be found—was out of the question. "If we go anywhere," he said, "we should be on top of the hill."

The news that Federation has enlisted the aid of the National Jewish Welfare Board in the site-selection process is most welcome. If the Y continues to eye the Fieldston site—if, indeed, it continues to look *only* on top of the Riverdale hill—it won't be because the Y needs it, but merely because the Y wants it. One hopes that NJWB, at least, knows the difference between intelligent philanthropy and conspicuous consumption.

Spaying At a Saving

Mercy Animal Hospital will neuter a male cat for $5, and spay a female for $10. In fact, when we called Friends of Animals, which your handbook ["An Animal Survival Kit," June 28] reports is trying to start a program here, they referred us to this hospital.

Low fees are possible because the hospital is heavily subsidized by private donors and contributions are welsome. The address is 134 East 82nd Street, and they answer the phone only between 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Appointments must be made in advance.

We have had perfectly satisfactory results with one male and one female.

Phyllis F. Calese
Manhattan

THE CITY POLITIC

BY ROGER STARR

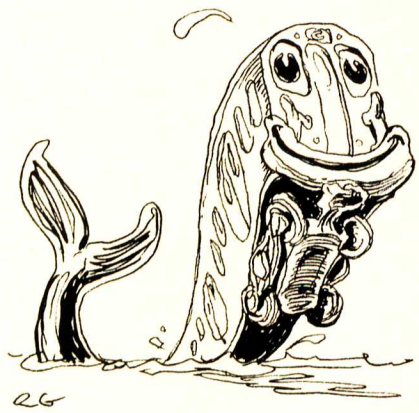
WASHINGTON, GO HOME!

On July 22, 1963, Samson Negron, age 13, a resident of Manhattanville, made an eloquent and effective speech before the New York City Planning Commission. "I am not swimming this morning," said Master Negron, "to come here and tell the Commission that the children of New York City need a Breezy Point beach . . . which will be open to all." Amid the thunderous applause that followed these words, the members of the Planning Commission adopted a resolution mapping Breezy Point, which is at the tip of Rockaway Peninsula in southern Queens, as a park.

Eight years have passed since this action, and it can be said with some assurance that Samson Negron, now 21, has not yet stuck one toe into the ocean at Breezy Point. In fact, the only people who have gone swimming at Breezy Point since 1963 are those who own homes in the Breezy Point Cooperative, or belong to the private beach club which continues to rent part of the site which the city condemned. The exact size of the condemnation award is still *sub iudice*, but it will run into many millions.

Although the enthusiastic supporters of the condemnation of Breezy Point told the world in 1963 that a city park at that place would be largely self-liquidating, even they now admit that New York City cannot find the money to develop the beach at Breezy Point for significant public use. As a result, led by a cheering section consisting of the editorial board of the *New York Times*, a squadron of local politicians, ranking from U.S. senators down to lowly city officials, has backed the proposal for a Gateway National Recreation Area. At least three bills have been introduced into Congress to establish Gateway National Park. Each has different boundaries, but all would hand over free to the federal government land condemned and paid for by the City of New York.

Lost in the enthusiasm for federal funds is the simple fact that the federal government has given no sign that it is prepared to finance what the Breezy Point supporters wanted in the first place: an ocean park accessible by mass transportation—meaning subways—to the millions of New Yorkers who now pack the grossly inadequate beach at Coney Island every summer weekend. Members of the House Interior Committee's Subcommittee on National Parks and Recreation have emphasized



in conversation, and in the course of questioning witnesses at hearings, that under no circumstances will they approve federal money to provide transportation to a park. Their generosity in New York would establish a fearfully expensive precedent for the nation.

The unlikeliness of new transportation facilities has created a fundamental inconsistency in the arguments put forth in behalf of Gateway by the Regional Plan Association, one of the original supporters of the Breezy Point condemnation. In a "White Paper" on Gateway, dated April, 1971, the Association sets the number of people within two hours of Breezy Point at 20 million, and the number of people who could actually get to Breezy Point—by an improbable combination of subways and buses, or private cars—at 158,000 per day. In other words, the maximum daily use of New York's "Gateway" would be about .8 of one per cent of the population which the Association claims would benefit from it. Coney Island, by contrast, probably handles on a peak Sunday about 30 per cent of the 2.8 million people who live in its primary "market": Brooklyn. The difference in proportional usage is the difference in available transportation.

New York doesn't lack public beaches now. What it lacks is a means of bringing people to the beaches in the numbers required. Only Coney Island enjoys mass access over three subway lines. The resulting crowding at Coney Island means that each weekend visitor has about ten square feet of sand. The political charm in the prospect of making the federal government pay for a local improvement has hidden from many New Yorkers the real beach need: a dignified, spacious alternative to Coney Island served by a transit system of similar capacity.

The federal government, for obvious reasons, rejoices at having found a well-publicized urban project which appears to do something for the nation's largest city without raising troublesome questions of race and social class. The resulting proposal— Gateway —celebrates the waves of immigrants that broke upon New York's shores. None of this is bad *per se*, except for the fact that New York City's land contribution to Gateway may include areas like Fort Tilden, which might better be used for housing development, and Floyd Bennett Field, which could support several other types of badly needed development. Other possibilities are the Breezy Point Cooperative, where 15,000 people now live in standard houses—spending more person-days in the ocean each year than would follow the Gateway redevelopment—and, of course, Jamaica Bay, of which more in a moment.

Going beyond these objections, we are left with the fact that the Gateway Recreation Area will not solve New York City's beach problem. If hundreds of millions of dollars were to be invested in ferries and terminals, and several millions more were spent each year to operate them, the Gateway might carry enough people from Coney Island to Rockaway to thin out somewhat the present crowd at Coney Island; each visitor might have twelve square feet of space instead of ten. But the current road network to Rockaway is grossly inadequate even for Riis Park's present use.

The National Academy of Sciences' Multidisplinary Environmental Study of Jamaica Bay and Kennedy Airport suggests that a real alternative to Coney Island exists: the *independent* development of the beaches along the north shore of Jamaica Bay. At least one of the Gateway bills would include these beaches in the Gateway National Recreation Area. This proposal, if adopted, would probably destroy forever the possibility of developing the beaches for a city park. While the National Park Service, which would run Gateway, may orally express interest in developing a city beach, all of the Service traditions—training, personnel selection, operating experience, and governmental position within the Department of the Interior—incline its members to the development and management of outdoor facilities catering to a regional or national and substantially middle-class clientele. The very logic of a federal park system is precisely

Illustrated by Robert Grossman

that state and local taxpayers cannot be expected to subsidize visitors from outside the environs of any specific park. The undertaking of adjacent beach development for millions of Queens and Brooklyn residents, arriving by subway, would break with past tradition and also open the door to demands from other cities that the nation provide them with costly local facilities. If, under some future WPA program, the federal government were to help local beach development, the most likely device would be the grant-in-aid to the city, a hope which would be forever foreclosed if the federal government took title to the beach land.

The Environmental Study Group Report, which vigorously opposed the expansion of Kennedy Airport, points out that the Jamaica Bay beaches along the south shore of Brooklyn and Queens are approximately six miles long and contain approximately 3,500 acres of potential parkland. The study of the Environmental Study Group indicates that three subway lines can be looped behind these beaches for approximately $40 million. This is the additional cost above the cost already budgeted for extensions to the present Nostrand Avenue, Utica Avenue and 14th Street Canarsie Lines. This contrasts with the $300 million additional cost foreseen by the Study Group if the Utica Avenue Subway were to be extended over a new bridge into the Rockaway Peninsula. Whereas the one existing two-fare line to Rockaway would be able to carry perhaps *40,000 people per hour* into Rockaway, the full expansion of the three lines into the Jamaica Bay beaches could bring in as many as *120,000 passengers per hour*. Over a four-hour weekend morning, half a million New Yorkers could be brought to a Coney Island alternative.

There are several obstacles to the development of the Jamaica Bay beaches, but the Environmental Study Group indicates that they can be overcome at costs that appear moderate in relation to the benefits produced.

The first problem is water quality. Will the water in Jamaica Bay be swimmable? The Environmental Study Group, which included a battery of scientists with medical and other scientific background, found that the waters in the western part of Jamaica Bay are rapidly approaching swimming quality, thanks to a vast investment made in sewage treatment. According to the Study Group it might be reasonable to suggest 1974 as a target date for the creation of beaches and backup facilities along Bergen Beach, Spring Creek and both sides of the Canarsie pier. The Study Group also found that by 1978 bathing-quality water may be produced in the entire bay if current plans are carried forward on schedule. Other authoritative spokesmen believe that the NAS hypothesis on water quality is over-optimistic, because they do not believe that the city will adhere to its present schedule of construction of water treatment facilities. The NAS and this observer feel that the city's schedule is reasonable and that the political difficulties—i.e, providing sewers for houses on stilts at Howard Beach—are not so serious as the proposed acquisition of the Breezy Point cooperative by the government.

A second obstacle to the development of the Jamaica Bay beaches is that the beaches themselves are too narrow. The Environmental Study Group suggested widening the beaches by shifting the man-made channel that runs along the northern side of Jamaica Bay from Rockaway inland past Kennedy Airport. The cost of this procedure was found by the Study Group to be extremely moderate: actual contractors' estimates place it at about $7 million, including the development of shoreside recreational facilities.

A third problem is whether large-scale beach recreation is compatible with the functions of the Bay as a wildlife refuge and as a natural ecosystem. Here again the Environmental Study Group found that "the stresses placed upon the natural ecosystems by the various kinds of recreations will be insignificant against those now imposed by other sources . . ."

The trouble with the proposal to use the Jamaica Bay beaches on behalf of the people of the City of New York is that the political enthusiasm for handing the Breezy Point liabilities over to the federal government leaves no one to debate the serious beach-park issues. Before handing over land to the federal government, New York City should seriously study how to get the beaches-cum-transit, for the sake of which it agreed to condemn Breezy Point in the first place.

If the obstacles to the Jamaica Bay beaches can be overcome, the city should ask the New York State Park Commission to take over this development or find its own energetic park builder on the Robert Moses model who might find the money to cover this relatively limited cost from a combination of transportation, open space, water treatment and recreation programs of state and federal governments. Better beaches accessible by mass transportation is a great dream for the future of New York. As now constituted, the Gateway National Recreation Area will not fulfill that dream. It may indeed make its fulfillment forever impossible. ■

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MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

July 30 through August 5

(Listings highly subject to change)

OPENINGS

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4

Lawman—Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan and Lee J. Cobb in Michael Winner's western about a sheriff who tracks down a band of men responsible for the murder of an adolescent. Victoria, Bdway at 46th (586-0540).

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5

The Love Machine—Jacqueline Susann's book brought to the screen with Robert Ryan, Dyan Cannon, Jackie Cooper, David Hemmings and John Philip Law, and directed by Jack Haley, Jr.; tells about the world of show business and big-time television. Loew's State 2, Bdway and 45th (JU 2-5070); Loew's Orpheum, 86th nr 3rd Ave (AT 9-4607).

THE MOVIES

Adrift—Czech director Jan Kadar has created a poignantly romantic mood piece about a fisherman and his wife and a strange beautiful girl he pulls half-drowned from the river, who changes their lives. Cinema Rendezvous, 57th nr 6th Ave (JU 6-4448).

Bananas—Woody Allen, as co-author, director and star, casts his usual fine comedic eye on security and subversion, guerrilla warfare and military dictatorships, among other contemporary foibles, in a low-keyed semi-lunatic satire. Astor, Bdway at 45th (JU 6-2240); 34th St E, at 2nd Ave (MU 3-0255); Juliet II, 3rd Ave nr 84th (249-1806).

Bed and Board—Francois Truffaut's warm, witty and glowing sequel to Stolen Kisses—with Jean-Pierre Leaud and Claude Jade continuing their roles—brings his alter ego of *400 Blows* to marriage and parenthood. Thru 8/3, Bklyn Heights II, 70 Henry St, Bklyn (596-7070).

Carnal Knowledge—A very funny and very sad film, directed by Mike Nichols, with Jack Nicholson and Arthur Garfunkel as the eternal roommates 20 years later who've never lost their adolescent hang-ups and attitudes toward women and sex. Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022).

Death in Venice—Luchino Visconti's adaptation of Thomas Mann's novella is, although ultimately unsatisfying, a triumph of ambiance and of performance by Dirk Bogarde as a dying composer enraptured by a beautiful youth of 14. Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th Ave (246-5123).

Drive, He Said—Actor Jack Nicholson's directorial debut, about college jocks, radicals and faculty wives, does little but insult the intelligence of anyone who manages to sit through it. Thru 8/3, Embassy, 72nd St & Bdway (SC 4-6745); Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, betw 3rd Ave & La-Guardia Pl (OR 4-3210); thru 8/3, Riviera, Bdway & 97th St (RI 9-8026).

Dusty and Sweets McGee—A voyeuristic constructed drug-addiction documentary, this has ex-addict non-actors portraying the scene via a "verite"-based script, a child's garden of druggery that proves only that film can be more boring than fact. Coronet, thru 7/31, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663).

Evel Knievel—George Hamilton does a bang-up job depicting the life and style of the daredevil motorcycle stuntman in this delightfully surprising bio of an off-beat character. Penthouse, Bdway and 48th St (757-5450).

Fortune and Men's Eyes—This leering John Herbert version of his own 1967 off-Broadway play is a disappointment—its revelations about sodomy and sadism in prisons a bit belated for those with honest concern. Trans-Lux West, Bdway at 49th (CO 5-1355).

Husbands—Ben Gazzara, Peter Falk and John Cassavetes portray a trio of middle-aged commuter-type buddies on a drunken spree in director Cassavetes' long (138 min.) boring and disappointing wallow in "personal" moviemaking. Thru 8/3, Bklyn Hghts I, 70 Henry St, Bklyn (596-7070).

Intimate Lighting—Director Ivan Passer sees a human comedy, universal truths in seemingly prosaic details, in this gentle gem about a city cellist and his country chum. 8/1, 2, 3, Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363).

Klute—A first-rate compassionate thriller, an adult mystery story with Donald Sutherland as a detective investigating a man's disappearance and Jane Fonda as the call girl in the case. Both are excellent in a uniquely satisfying movie. Cinerama, Bdway at 47th (CO 5-5711).

La Collectionneuse—The Fourth of director Eric Rohmer's Six Moral Tales is tepid stuff about a man in love with one woman, distracted by another. The conversation and activity is dull and listless, the scenery ordinary in this Rohmeric nod. 8th St Playhouse, W of 5th (GR 7-7874).

Lawrence of Arabia—Revival of the 1962 Academy-Award-Winning desert epic starring Peter O'Toole and Omar Sharif, with Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Quinn, Jose Ferrer and Arthur Kennedy, directed by David Lean. A number of scenes have been deleted from the original film. 8/4-10, Bklyn Heights I, 70 Henry St, Bklyn (596-7070).

LeMans—Steve McQueen stars (and drives) as a racing car driver in this day that is the life of the Grand Prix—106 minutes of whizzing cars, garbled pit talk, announcements, crowd shots, atmospherics and no plot. Cine Malibu, 59th St nr 2nd Ave (759-4630).

Little Big Man—Director Arthur Penn, Dustin Hoffman and an outstanding supporting cast have created a stunning multi-level film from the fictional autobiography of the 120-year-old sole white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. Thru 8/10, Riverside, Bdway and 96th St (MU 3-4530).

McCabe and Mrs. Miller—Robert Altman has given us a raw and glowing glimpse of a Northwest mining town on the rise in a sad and haunting frontier ballad about a gambling man and a madame. Warren Beatty and Julie Christie are excellent. Criterion thru 8/5, Bdway at 45th (JU 2-1795); from 8/1, Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663).

My Night at Maude's—Eric Rohmer's film is a delight—a literate, perceptive and witty piece of plotting of four lives that intertwine and, with an ironic twist, untangle. 8th St Playhouse, W of 5th Ave (GR 7-7874).

A New Leaf—Walter Matthau, a newly impecunious playboy, woos, weds and plans to murder wealthy botanist Elaine May, and there's hilarity, wit and the pure gold of human comedy in this delightful refreshment. Thru 8/3, Charles, Ave B at 12th (GR 5-4210).

The Night Visitor—Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, Max von Sydow and Trevor Howard in a framed-brother-takes-blood-revenge tale. Hopefully this marks the nadir of their screen work. Thru 8/3, Charles, Ave B at 12th (GR 5-4210).

On Any Sunday—Film dealing with the thousands of people who race motorcycles on Sunday afternoons. Director Bruce Brown follows two participants across the Western Hemisphere. Murray Hill, 34th & 3rd Ave (685-7652).

Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter—A delicately designed British musical version of the classic stories, choreographed by Frederick Ashton and danced by the Royal Ballet. For little girls and their mommies, balletomanes and sentimentalists of all ages. Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave at 58th (PL 9-2262).

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's 1968 Broadway smash has been reduced to routine TV fare, and while it's a joy to see Maureen Stapleton, Barbara Harris and Lee Grant, it soon becomes a matter of—would you believe—too much Matthau. Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave nr 57th St (PL 7-2131); Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660); Greenwich, Greenwich Ave at 12th (929-3350); Loew's 83rd St, on Bdway (TR 7-3190).

Ryan's Daughter—David Lean and Robert Bolt have created a film of rare cinematic power and beauty—the story of a romantic girl, her understanding husband, her lover and the dour village they inhabit during "the trouble" in Ireland. Outstanding performances by Robert Mitchum, Sarah Miles and everyone involved. Art, 8th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014).

Shaft—Gordon Parks directed this beautifully photographed stylish tough story of a black detective caught in a squeeze between the Mafia and a Harlem racketeer. Richard Roundtree and Moses Gunn head a topnotch cast. 72nd St Playhouse, nr First Ave (BU 8-9304); DeMille, 7th Ave at 47th (265-8430).

Something for Everyone—Angela Lansbury is splendid as a countess of declining fortune and Michael York is perfection as the young man who comes to her rescue in a deliciously macabre and delightfully sophisticated fable, impeccably directed and exquisitely photographed. Thru 8/3, Embassy, 72nd St at Bdway (SC 4-6745).

Summer of '42—A reminiscence of how-I-left-boyhood-and-learned-about-life-at-15 (with an Older Woman) that is so doggedly nostalgic and determinedly romantic that it has all the heart-appeal of a melted mello-roll. Trans-Lux 85th St, at Madison (BU 8-3180); Festival, 57th St at 5th Ave (LT 1-2323).

The Anderson Tapes—Sidney Lumet's version of Lawrence Sanders' best-seller is, except for its smashing conclusion, a disappointment, a slow-moving account of how ex-con Sean Connery plans and almost pulls off the robbery of a plush NYC apartment house. Loew's State II, Bdway and 45th (JU 2-5070); Loew's Orpheum, 86th St nr 3rd (AT 9-4607).

The Andromeda Strain—This chillingly realistic sci-fi thriller, directed by Robert Wise and based on Michael Chrichton's best-seller about a killer microbe, touches upon some terrifying truths of top secret science. Thru 8/3, Coliseum, Bdway at 181st (WA 7-7200); 23rd St Cinema, nr 8th Ave (AL 5-7050).

The Brazen Women of Balzac—Edwige Fenech, Michaela May and Joachim Hansen in a film about a group of men and women in a chateau who take on the lifestyles of Balzac characters. Embassy, 46th St & 7th Ave (PL 7-2408).

The Clowns—Beyond its seemingly simple survey of European buffoonery, Federico Fellini's beautfiul documentary offers a complexity of insights, a dual tonality of fact and fancy, the coolth of document with the warmth and glow of personal affection. A masterwork for all ages. Lincoln Art, 57th nr Bdway (JU 2-2333).

The Crook—Claude Lelouch presents us with a stylish and dandy French how-he-dunnit thriller with Jean-Louis Trintignant as a suave master crook pulling off a million-dollar caper with clockwork precision. Paris, 5th Ave and 58th (MU 8-2013.

The Devils—Alas poor (Aldous) Huxley. Writer-director Ken Russell has perverted his novel about bewitched nuns in 17th-century France into a pile of cinematic excrement. A fouler film we can't recall. Fine Arts, 58th St nr Lexington (PL 5-6030).

The Go-Between—Writer Harold Pinter and director Joseph Losey and a fine cast have made a brilliant film of classic stature from L. P. Hartley's sophisticated and truly romantic story of Edwardian England, about a boy's involvement with a pair of lovers portrayed by Julie Christie and Alan Bates. 68th St Playhouse, on Third Ave (RE 4-0303).

The Hellstrom Chronicle—This stunningly filmed documentary is an engrossing blend of science and science fiction ranging from fascinating factualities to the hair-raising possibilities inherent in many varieties of insect life. Paramount, 61st St and Bdway (247-5070); Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774).

The Hunting Party—Oliver Reed and Candice Bergen in a Western tale of kidnap and pursuit, directed by Don Medford, and shot in Spain. Victoria, thru 8/3, Bdway at 46th (586-0540); 86th St E, betw 2nd & 3rd Aves (249-1144); Cinema Studio, Bdway at 66th (877-4040).

The Language of Love—Another sexploitation import involving four Swedish sexperts talking pseudo-academic jargon and "live" demonstrations pro-

vided by not very gifted amateurs. Agee Cine I, 7th Ave at 48th (489-7690).

The Light at the Edge of the World—Jules Verne's novel stars Kirk Douglas as the reluctant defender of a lonely lighthouse against a crew of shipwreckers. With Yul Brynner and Samantha Eggar. Academy of Music, 14th St at Irving Pl (GR 3-2277). Roosevelt, 145th at 7th Ave (AU 6-4480).

The Nun—A fact-based literarily written, delicately directed and finely performed (by Anna Karina) timeless version of Diderot's 1789 story of a girl forced to become a nun. Fifth Avenue Cinema, at 12th St (WA 4-8339).

The Panic in Needle Park—Despite good performances by Al Pacino and Kitty Winn and authenticity in its N.Y.C. drug-addiction locale, this superficial approach to the problem never rises above the show-and-tell level. Loew's Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 72nd (TR 9-1313).

The Red Tent—An Italo-Russian film about the unhappy case of explorer Umberto Nobile who crashed in his dirigible in the Arctic in 1928 and was held responsible. With Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale and Peter Finch. Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave at 50th (PL 7-3100).

The Seven Minutes—This collaboration between novelist Irving Wallace and movie-maker Russ Meyer proves that the two top sludge-pushers can make even a censorship-and-politics courtroom melodrama dreary. Rivoli, Bdway and 49th (247-1633).

The Touch—Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow have rarely been better, but Ingmar Bergman's first English-language film also stars Elliott Gould as a neurosis-laden American archeologist—and therein lies its undoing. Baronet, 59th St at 3rd Ave (EL 5-1663).

Two-Lane Blacktop—Warren Oates' fine talents are lost by Monte Hellman's tedious direction of a silly script about souped-up stock-car racing and drifting, with non-actors (James Taylor, Dennis Wilson, Laurie Bird) proving their non-acting abilities. Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th St (RE 7-2622).

Walkabout—This multi-level exciting and exotic adventure story, about two lost youngsters and the young aborigine who befriends them in the Australian outback, should enthrall the young and fascinate all. Plaza, 58th St E of Madison (355-3320).

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Dustin Hoffman, Barbara Harris, David Burns and others cannot be faulted, but Herb *(A Thousand Clowns)* Gardner's shrewdly perceptive screenplay about middle-aging comes to a frustrating conclusion. Sutton, 57th St nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411).

Willard—A neat deliciously scary chiller about a nice kid, Bruce Davison, who finds he has a way with rats. They become not only his friends but his cohorts. Not for little girls or squeamish ladies. Thru 8/3, Coliseum, Bdway at 181st (WA 7-7200); 23rd St Cinema, nr 8th Ave (AL 5-7050); Twins, 59th St betw 2nd & 3rd Aves (688-1717).

Women in Love—This extremely beautiful film version of the D. H. Lawrence novel about emotional involvement honors not only it creators, but also its audience. The excellent cast includes Alan Bates, Glenda Jackson and Oliver Reed. 7/29, 30, Olympia, Bdway and 107th (856-8128).

Excerpted from Judith Crist's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change at drop of a hat; phone ahead.

Academy of Music, 14th St at Irving Pl (GR 3-2277). *The Light at the Edge of the World.*

Agee Cine I, 7th Ave at 48th (489-7690). *Language of Love.*

Art, 8th St E of University Pl (GR 3-7014). *Ryan's Daughter.*

Astor, Bdway at 45th (JU 6-2240) *Bananas.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (EL 5-1663). *The Touch.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). Thru 8/12, *Two-Lane Blacktop.* From 8/13, *The Hired Hand.*

Bijou, W 45th off 7th Ave (757-6792). 7/29-8/1, *Samurai Rebellion* and *Kill.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker, betw 3rd Ave & LaGuardia Pl (OR 4-3210). *Drive, He Said.*

Brooklyn Heights I, 70 Henry St, Bklyn (596-7070). Thru 8/3, *Husbands.* 8/4-10, *Lawrence of Arabia.*

Brooklyn Heights II, 70 Henry St, Bklyn (596-7070). Thru 8/3, *Bed and Board.* 8/4-10, *Dr. No; To Russia with Love.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave nr 57th (PL 7-2131). Thru 8/10, *Plaza Suite.*

Charles, Ave B at 12th (GR 5-4210). Thru 8/3, *A New Leaf; The Night Visitor.* 8/4-10, *Sex Clinic; What Next.*

Cine Malibu, 59th St nr 2nd Ave (759-4630). *LeMans.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Carnal Knowledge.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-0774). *The Hellstrom Chronicle.*

Cinema Rendezvous, 57th nr 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). *Adrift* and *First Class.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway at 66th (877-4040). *The Hunting Party.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). International Festival Films. Thru 7/31, Maurice Pialat's *Naked Childhood;* Milos Forman's *The Auditions;* Vera Chytilova's *Daisies.* 8/1, 2, 3, Henning Carlsen's *Hunger;* Ivan Passer's *Intimate Lighting.* 8/4, 5, 6, 7, Yasuzo Masumura's *Hoodlum Soldier* and *Naomi.*

Cinerama, Bdway at 47th (CO 5-5711). *Klute.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Dusty and Sweets McGee.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU 2-1795). Thru 8/5, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller.* From 8/6, *The Brotherhood of Satan.*

DeMille, 7th Ave at 47th (265-8430). *Shaft.*

Eastside Playhouse, 334 E 74th (861-2288). 6, 8 and 10 p.m. nightly. $2. 7/30, *All About Eve.* 7/31, *A Letter to Three Wives.* 8/1, 2, *A Thousand Clowns.* 8/3, *8½.* 8/4, *The Wild Bunch.* 8/5, *Alice's Restaurant.* 8/6, *Cool Hand Luke.* 8/7, *Elmer Gantry,* 8/8, *Road to Morocco.* 8/9, *Bonnie and Clyde.*

8th St Playhouse, W of 5th (GR 7-7874). *My Night at Maude's; La Collectionneuse.*

86th St E, betw 2nd and 3rd Aves (249-1144). *Lawman.*

Elgin, 8th Ave and 19th St (675-0935). 7/30, 31; 8/1, 2, Robert Wiene's *The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari;* Josef Von Sternberg's *The Blue Angel.* 8/3, Val Guest's *The Day The Earth Caught Fire;* Maurice Elvey's *Transatlantic Tunnel.* 8/4, 5, Ingmar Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer Night* and *The Magician.*

Emanu-El-Midtown YM-YWHA, 344 E 14th St (427-6000). Members $1, non-members $1.50 per show. 7/29, 8:30, *The Bride of Frankenstein* '35. 8/5, 8:30, *Abraham Lincoln* (D. W. Griffith '30). 8/12, 8:30, *Cabinet of Doctor Caligari* '19.

Embassy, 46th St & 7th Ave (PL 7-2408). *Brazen Women of Balzac.*

Embassy, 72nd St and Bdway (SC 4-6745). Thru 8/3, *Drive He Said* and *Something for Everyone.*

Festival, 57th St at 5th Ave (LT 1-2323). *Summer of '42.*

Fifth Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave at 12th (WA 4-8339). *The Nun.*

Fine Arts, 58th St nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Devils.*

Gramercy, 23rd nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). *Plaza Suite.*

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave at 12th (929-3350). *Plaza Suite.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL 7-2406). *Fantasia.*

Juliet I, 3rd Ave nr 84th (249-1806). *Plaza Suite.*

Juliet II, 3rd Ave nr 84th (249-1806). *Bananas.*

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave at 31st (LE 2-6668). *Drive, He Said.*

Lincoln Art, 57th St nr Bdway (JU 2-2333). *The Clowns.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th Ave (246-5123). *Death in Venice.*

Loew's Cine, 3rd Ave at 86th (427-1332). *Billy Jack.*

Loew's Delancey, at Suffolk St (OR 4-2994). Thru 8/3, *West Side Story; Popi.* From 8/4, *Dr. No; To Russia with Love.*

Loew's 83rd St, on Bdway (TR 7-3190). *Plaza Suite.*

Loew's Orpheum, 86th nr 3rd (AT 9-4607). Thru 8/4, *The Anderson Tapes.* From 8/5, *The Love Machine.*

Loew's State I, Bdway & 45th (JU 2-5070). *Billy Jack.*

Loew's State II, Bdway & 45th (JU 2-5070). Thru 8/4, *The Anderson Tapes.* From 8/5, *The Love Machine.*

Loew's Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 72nd (TR 9-1313). *The Panic in Needle Park.*

Midtown, Bdway at 99th (AC 2-1200). *Summer of '42.*

Murray Hill, 3rd Ave at 34th (685-7652). *On Any Sunday.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53 (956-7078). 7/30, 2 & 5:30, *The Dance of Life* '29 (John Cromwell), Hal Skelly, Nancy Carroll, Oscar Levant. 7/31, 11:30 a.m. *The Navigator* '24 (directed by and starring Buster Keaton); 3 & 5:30, *Just Imagine* '30 (David Butler), El Brendel, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Garrick. 8/1, 2 & 5:30, *Are You There* '30 (Hamilton MacFadden), Beatrice Lillie, John Garrick, Olga Baclanova. 8/2, 1 p.m. *The Big Broadcast* '32 (Frank Tuttle), Stu Erwin, Bing Crosby; 3:30, *Cry of Jazz* '59 (Ed Bland); 6, *The Ghost That Never Returns* '29 (Abram Room). 8/3, 2, *The Big Broadcast;* 5:30, *The Ghost That Never Returns.* 8/4, 2 p.m. *Love Me Tonight* '32 (Rouben Mamoulian), Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald. 8/5, 2, 5:30 and 8, *Open City* '46 (Roberto Rosselini), Aldo Fabrizi, Anna Magnani.

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle (581-2311). $1 for adults, 50c for students. 4 and 6 p.m. Wed thru Sun, 8/30, 31, Cline Donner's *The Caretaker* '63. 8/1, 4, 5, Victor Saville's *South Riding* '38.

New Yorker, Bdway at 88th (TR 4-9189. 7/29-8/4, *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *The Blue Angel.* 8/5-11, *Night of the Living Dead, The Fearless Vampire Killers* and *Lenny on TV.*

Olympia, Bdway & 107th St (865-8182). 7/29, 30, Richard Lester's *Petulia* and Ken Russell's *Women in Love.* 7/31; 8/1, Robert Aldrich's *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane; Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte.* 8/2, 3, Ronald Neame's *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie;* William Wyler's *The Children's Hour.* 8/4, 5, George Marshall's *Destry Rides Again* and *I'm No Angel.*

Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave & St. Mark's Pl (982-6410). $1 at all times. 7/30, William Wellman's *The Hatchet Man* '32. 8/1, Truffaut's *The Bride Wore Black.* 8/2, James Whale's *The Bride of Frankenstein.* 8/3, Michael Curtiz' *Casablanca.* 8/4, Wesley Ruggles' *I'm No Angel.* 8/5, Robert Aldrich's *Vera Cruz.*

Paramount, 61st & Bdway (247-5070). *The Hellstrom Chronicle.*

Paris, 5th Ave & 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Crook.*

Penthouse, Bdway at 48th (757-5450). *Evel Knievel.*

Plaza, 58th St E of Madison (355-3320). *Walkabout.*

Radio City Music Hall, 6th Ave at 50th (PL 7-3100). *The Red Tent.*

Riverside, Bdway and 96th St (MU 3-4530). Thru 8/10, *Little Big Man.*

Riviera, Bdway & 97th St (RI 9-8026). *Drive, He Said.*

Rivoli, Bdway and 49th St (247-1633). *Cry Uncle.*

R.K.O. Coliseum, Bdway at 181st (WA 7-7200). Thru 8/3, *Willard.* From 8/4, *The Andromeda Strain.*

R.K.O. 23rd Cinema, nr 8th Ave (AL 5-7050). Thru 8/3, *Willard.* From 8/4, *The Andromeda Strain.*

R.K.O. Twins, 59th St betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). Thru 8/3, *Willard.* From 8/4, *Johnny Got His Gun.*

Roosevelt, 145th St at 7th Ave (AU 6-4480). *The Light at the Edge of the World.*

72nd St Playhouse, nr First Ave (BU 8-9304). *Shaft.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd (RE 4-0303). *The Go-Between.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd (PL 9-1411). *Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?*

Symphony, Bdway at 95th (AC 2-6600). *Willard.*

Thalia, 95th St and Bdway (AC 2-3370). 7/30, Louis Malle's *The Thief of Paris;* Jean Renoir's *The Crime of M. Lange.* 7/31, Alain Resnais' *La Guerre Est Finie; To Die in Madrid.* 8/1, Moussorgsky's *Boris Godunov;* Bertolt Brecht's and Kurt Weill's *The Three-Penny Opera.* 8/2, Orson Welles' *Mr. Arkadin;* D. H. Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers.* 8/3, Luis Bunuel's *The Young and the Damned* and *This Strange Passion.* 8/4, Jean Vigo's *Zero for Conduct* and *L'Atlante.* 8/5, De Sica's *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow; Divorce Italian Style.*

34th St East, at 2nd Ave (MU 3-0255). *Bananas.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave nr 58th (PL 9-2262). *Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter.*

Trans-Lux 85th St, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Summer of '42.*

Trans-Lux West, Bdway at 49th (CO 5-1355). *Fortune and Men's Eyes.*

U.A. East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Seven Minutes.*

Victoria, Bdway at 46th (586-0540). Thru 8/3, *The Hunting Party.*

Victoria, W 125th nr 7th Ave (UN 4-0500). Thru 8/3, *Willard; Whatever Happened to Aunt Alice?* From 8/4, *Dr. No; To Russia with Love.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at W 3rd (WA 9-8037). *2001: Space Odyssey* and *Yellow Submarine.*

Ziegfeld, 6th Ave at 54th St (765-7600). *Cleopatra.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

CURRENT

Applause—Ann Baxter, the movie Eve, is now Margo Channing in the musical of "All About Eve," and Penny Fuller remains the perfectly capable what-makes-Sammy-run character. Music & lyrics: Strouse & Adams, choreography by Ron Field. Mat, Wed & Sat. Palace, Bdway at 47th (PL-7 2626).

Butterflies Are Free—Comedy-drama by Leonard Gershe, with Kipp Osborne as an extraordinarily cheerful blind youth on his own in New York; Rosemary Murphy as Mumsy and Pamella Bellwood as next-door neighbor contribute funny moments. Mat. Wed & Sat, Booth, 222 W 45th, nr Bdway (246-5969).

Company—Larry Kert, Jane Russell and Cynthia Harris in a bitter, biting musical comedy about some of your best friends' love lives; directed by Harold Prince. Book: George Furth. Music & Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim. Choreo: Michael Bennett. Mats. Wed & Sat. Alvin, 252 W 52nd, nr Bdway (PL 7-8646).

Fiddler on the Roof—Paul Lipson is the current Tevye in this musical, which opened 9/22/64, is now the longest running one on Bdway. It's still wonderful. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. Broadway Theater, Bdway at 53rd (CI 7-7992).

Follies—Large and cavernous musical by James Goldman and Stephen Sondheim about two showgirls who marry stage-door Johnnies and have a reunion some 30 years later. With Alexis Smith, Gene Nelson, Dorothy Collins, John McMartin, Yvonne De Carlo, Fifi D'Orsay, Mary McCarty and the great Ethel Shutta. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdway (CI 5-4878).

Hair—The American tribal love-rock musical that ushered in a new era in the entertainment world. Mats. Wed & Sat. Biltmore, 261 W 47th, off Bdway (582-5340).

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's comedy about the trials and misadventures of a would-be philanderer, with Dom De Luise, Cathryn Damon, Doris Roberts and Barbara Sharma, Mats. Wed & Sat. Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 W 49th nr Bdway (246-0220).

Lenny—In Julian Barry's play about Lenny Bruce. The sheer brilliance of Cliff Gorman's title performance and the slashing exuberance of Tom O'Horgan's direction makes it the most powerful experience on Broadway. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (CI 5-3430).

No, No, Nanette—Revival of Vincent Youman's classic, with Ruby Keeler, Patsy Kelly, Bobby Van, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher. Van and Gallagher are outstanding and it's nice to have Ruby back. Mats, Wed & Sat. 46th St Theatre, 226 W 46th (CI 6-4271).

Oh! Calcutta!—The nude revue, with sketches by Samuel Beckett, Jules Feiffer, Dan Greenburg, John Lennon, Leonard Melfi, Kenneth Tynan. Mat Wed and Sat. Belasco Theater, 111 W 44th (586-7950).

Promises, Promises—Musical adaptation of "The Apartment," starring Gene Rupert, Jenny O'Hara. Book, music and lyrics by Neil Simon, Burt Bacharach, Hal David. Handsome, melodious and in its third year. Mats. Wed & Sat. Shubert, 225 W 44th, nr Bdway (246-5864).

Purlie—Musical version of the Ossie Davis play by Gary Geld and Peter Udell, with Cleavon Little, Patti Jo, John Heffernan. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (CI 6-6270).

1776—The Founding Fathers, gathered in Philadelphia to draft the D. of I., furnish the story line for this prize-winning musical by Peter Stone & Sherman Edwards. Fine entertainment. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. For theater parties, 796-3074. Majestic, 247 W 44th (CI 6-0730).

Sleuth—A mystery thriller by Anthony Shaffer starring Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter, both of whom are staggeringly brilliant. Mats. Wed & Sat. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

The Me Nobody Knows—Lovely, lively pop rock musical by Will Holt and Gary William Friedman, charming and ingenious. Obie award for the best off-Broadway musical Mats, Wed, Sat & Sun. Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 46th (CI 6-6380).

The Rothschilds—Handsome, tuneful musical, with Hal Linden, Timothy Jerome, Prairie Dern, Reid Shelton, Leila Martin. By Sherman Yellen, Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. Directed and choreographed by Michael Kidd. Mats. Wed, Sat & Sun. Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W 46th (JU 6-5555).

Two By Two—A musical based on "Flowering Peach," by Clifford Odets, with music by Richard Rodgers, book by Peter Stone. With Danny Kaye, Madeline Kahn, Michael Karm Joan Copeland, Walter Willison, Tricia O'Neil. Mat. Wed & Sat. Imperial, 249 W 45th St (CO 5-2412).

OFF AND OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

About Face—Four one-act plays, directed by Daniel Rosenwein. Mon, Tue, Wed evenings. Playbox Theater, 94 St. Marks Pl, at 1st Ave (724-5108).

Black Girl—Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theater production by J. E. Franklin, with Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, Loretta Greene, directed by Shauneille Perry. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Double Bill—*Ad Majorem Dei Glorium* by Josef Bush; *A Broken Cowboy* by William Aue, both directed by Hugh Gittens. 7/29, 8/3, 4, 5. WPA, 333 Bowery betw 2nd & 3rd Sts (228-0900).

Double Bill—*Little Onion Annie,* a mini-musical by II Gilbert and Bill Lentsch; *Regeneration,* a play by Beverlee Galli. 7/30, 31; 8/1, 6, 7, 8, 9. Omni Theater Club, 145 W 18th (691-0899).

SCALPERS' RATES FOR BIGGIES

No, No, Nanette $50 a pair

Sleuth $40 a pair

This doesn't mean that if you go to the box office before performance time you might not get a turned-in orchestra pair; and balcony seats are occasionally available.

Godspell—A delightful frolicsome new rock musical loosely based on the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Music by Steve Schwartz. With Sonia Manzano, Gilmer McCormick, Herb Simon, Lamar Alford. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St, nr 6th Ave (YU 9-2020).

Gene Frankel Weekend Theatre—Three in rotating repertory Fri & Sat at 8:30. Jean Genet's "The Maids"; Harold Pinter's "The Dumbwaiter"; Jean-Paul Sartre's "No Exit." Gene Frankel Theatre Workshop, 115 MacDougal St., (SP 7-1190).

Georgie Porgie—A new play written and directed by George Birimisa, about the sociological hangups of a man beset with problems concerning his wife, mother and lovers. With Claude Barbizon and Eve Crosby. Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St (254-8190).

Her Infinite Variety: The Shakespearean Woman—Sally Gordon and Cathryn Roskam's offering. 7/29, 30; 8/1, and 3rd thru 7th at 8, with a matinee 8/1 at 12:30. Admission free. Refreshments. Little Church Around the Corner, 11 E 29th, East of 5th Ave. (MU 4-6770).

Horseshoes—Comedy-drama by Paul Dexter, directed by Michel Corbeil. 7/28-31, 8/4-7. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st St (265-2138).

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—In its fourth year, the present cast—Betty Rhodes, George Ball, John C. Attle and Amanda Bruce—offer Brel's incredibly emotional songs with appropriate polish. Mats. Sat & Sun. Village Gate, 160 Bleecker (982-5020).

Late for Oblivion—Three one act myth-fantasy plays by Holly Beye, directed by Beverly Oxley. 7/30-31, 8/6, 7. Studio III, Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (265-2138).

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical play starring John Beal, Carol Teitel, Donald Gantry, Dan Hamilton and Paddy Croft. Directed by Arvin Brown. Mat on Sun. Promenade Theater, 2162 Bdway (799-7690).

New York Theater Ensemble—*Water Strike!* by Edna Schappert; *One Day in the Life of Ivy Dennison,* by Stewart Benedict; *The Leader,* by Eugene Ionesco. Fris and Sats thru 8/14. Theater, 2 E 2nd St (228-0900).

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel about inmates in a strange asylum with Lane Smith, Janet Ward, Wiliam Burns, Jerry Dodge and Arthur Berwick. Mat Sun. at 3 p.m. Mercer-Hansberry Theater, 240 Mercer St (673-3937).

Proposition—Six attractive youngsters from up Boston way improvise (to audience suggestions) some of the wittiest and most charming material in town, abetted by a kid at the piano for whom only "genius" will suffice. Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St (673-3937).

Second Hottest Show in Town—A nude improvisational revue. Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave South (675-1036).

Shakespeare in the Park—"Two Gentlemen of Verona" (music by Galt 'Hair' MacDermot; lyrics by John Guare), with Jerry Stiller, Jonelle Allen, Clifton Davis, Raul Julia, Alix Elias; directed by Mel Shapiro. Free (first come-first served) basis. Delacorte Theater, Central Park, N.Y. (535-5630).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—N.Y. Shakespeare Festival presents a play by David Rabe about a soldier seeking identification within the Army System. With William Atherton, Joseph Fields, Earl Hindman. Sat & Sun Mat at 3. Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

The Dirtiest Show in Town—Tom Eyen's play offers a satirical solution to the problem of environmental pollution. McAlpin Roof Top Theater, West 34th St & Bdway (239-6688).

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the Moon Marigolds—Pulitzer Prize-winner Paul Zindel's trenchant drama, now in its second year, about a widow and her strange daughter. Mat. Sun. New Theater, 154 E 54th (PL 2-0440).

The Fantasticks—Whimsical musical with a pleasant score, based on the Rostand play, in its zillionth year and the end is not in sight. Mat. Sun. Sullivan St Playhouse, at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

The House of Blue Leaves—Ralph Meeker, Harold Gould, Peggy Pope, and Katherine Helmond in a comedy by John Guare. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th (533-0910).

The Last Analysis—Saul Bellow's drama, with Joseph Wiseman, Louise Troy, David Brooks, directed by Theodore Mann. Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St (473-6778).

The Maids—Jean Genet's electrifying tragedy, presented by Repertory VII, directed by Eduardo Corbe, with males in the three principal roles as the author intended. Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays thru 8/1. N.Y. Theater of the Americas, 427 W 59th (245-9656 or 362-0330).

Total Theater for Youth—A teenage company speaks out through drama, dance, music and film, at the Auditorium, Library & Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave. Free, 2:30 p.m. 8/6, 7, 13, 14 at 2:30 p.m. (790-6465).

Touch—Communal love rock musical, exciting and young (book and lyrics are by Kenn Long who is 24 and also performs). Mat. Wed, Thurs, Fri. Martinique, 32nd St and Bdway (PE 6-3056).

Triple Bill—*Flower* by Pirandello; *Polinka* by Chekhov, and *Anyuta* by Chekhov. 7/30, 31; 8/1. Senior Dramatic Repertory Theater at Carnegie Hall-808, 881 Seventh Ave (JU 6-4800).

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell and Joey Faye in a revival of the Samuel Beckett play, directed by Alan Schneider. Thru 8/1. And if you miss it, it's something to regret. Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave South (CH 2-3432).

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Apartment—1068 Second Ave. Pianist Charles DeForest and the Patti Wicks Trio alternate their songs nightly. There's a Chinese chef on the premises with spareribs and things (PL 3-7923).

Chateau Madrid—Lexington at 48th. Most sophisticated and elegant of the Latin spots with south-of-the-border entertainment Los Chavales de Espana have arrived and will be here thru September (PL 2-8080).

Copacabana—10 E 60th at Fifth. Food, dancing, local and visiting firemen, never a cover. 7/29-8/18, it's the handsome South American singer D'Aldo Romano along with comedian Joey Russell (246-9120).

Dangerfield's—1118 First betw 61st & 62nd Sts. Comedian Rodney Dangerfield owns the joint and is usually on hand. Atmosphere is intimate (couches instead of chairs) (593-1650).

Hippopotamus—154 E 54 at Third Olivier Coquelin's pleasure palace with Poonah bar, Mantra garden, dancing to records, dining, drinking (486-1566).

La Chansonnette—820 Second, betw 47th & 48th. A bit of Paris in N.Y., with dining, dancing and a show starring Rita Dimitri and Stanley Brilliant, save on Sunday (PL 2-7320).

Marymary—1234 Second Ave at 64th. Mary McCarty presides Tues thru Sun after her "Follies" performance. There's a downstairs bar and grill, and an upstairs supper club with dancing and entertainment (628-3110).

Rainbow Grill—30 Rockefeller Plaza. Mind-bending views of the city and tapestries by Picasso. Open Mon thru Sat (757-9090).

Rainbow Room—30 Rockefeller Plaza. On the 65th floor, great ceilings, immense windows, glittering chandeliers and startling views. More formal than the Grill (but the Grill has the talent). Tony Cabot and his orchestra play (757-9090).

St. Regis Room—5th Ave & 55th St. George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, lyrical guitar duo, assisted by vocalist Peter Dean here nightly save Sunday (PL 3-4500).

Taverne in the Town House—108 E 38th. Glenn Taylor, guitarist-singer, is on hand, and the restaurant permits dancing (LE 2-6727).

Jimmy Weston's—131 E 54th nr Lexington. A comfortable supper club featuring the musical sounds of Bobby Gosh and his trio, and pianist-singer Tom Furtado. Open 7 days a week (355-3640).

JAZZ—ROCK

FOR JAZZ EVENTS IN THE NEW YORK AREA
CALL 771-3244 ANYTIME

Apollo—253 W 125th St. The vaudeville scene uptown. Thru 8/3, the Isaac Hayes show (749-1802).

Boomer's—340 Bleecker St. Live jazz nightly. Feature artists Thurs thru Sat from 9:30 to 3 a.m. Soul food specialties and a village-y comfortable atmosphere. (243-0245).

Castaways—211 E 84th, at Third. Chris Rohmann and guitar with his original repertoire, every Mon thru Thurs. Wed thru Fri, the Dornan Bros, three guys with guitars, lead, rhythm and bass (two of them double on vocals). Rock group on Sat.) Good food, and a nautical back room (734-9892).

Bitter End—147 Bleecker St. From 7/28, Sally "Hair" Eaton and folk singer Bill Withers (475-7804).

Crawdaddy—1674 Bdway (betw 52nd & 53rd Sts). This one's open 12 hours a day (4:30 to 4:30), 7 days a week, and is also a discotheque. (765-7883).

Gaslight Au Go Go—152 Bleecker St. Thru 8/2, Spencer Davis and Peter Jameson, Alex Taylor; 8/4-9, War (674-2580).

Gaslight II—116 Macdougal. Continuous entertainment specializing in swinging, singing, stomping, and folk guitar. (260-0380).

Guitar—753 10th Ave, at 51st. Best guitar-listening in the city from Wed thru Sun. 7/28-8/1, Jim Hall and Ron Carter, 8/4-8, Bill Lawrence Duo. 8/11-15 and 8/18-22, Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams. Soul food on hand (265-9334).

Half-Note—289 Hudson at Spring. Even if there were more good jazz rooms in town, this would have to be one of the best; Oliver Jackson, Dill Jones, Budd Johnson and Bill Pemberton, with an assist by singer Jimmy Rushing (AL 5-9752).

Jacques—Bleecker at Sullivan. Here's the way it is: Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie Fri thru Sun; Eddie solos Mon, Wed and Thurs. Tues it's pianist Lance Hayward (254-5920).

Jimmy Ryan's—154 W 54 at 7th. Dixieland music by Roy Eldridge, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Bobby Pratt and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays (CO 5-9505).

Rafiki's—170 Ave A. Fri & Sat, 9:30 to 2 a.m. John Blair, electric violin; Bobby Timmans, piano; Scotty Holt, bass. Sun & Mon, 9:30 to 2 a.m. vocalist-pianist Vickie Ford, and Scotty Holt, bass. Also edibles (477-9532 or 674-9522).

Stryker's Pub—103 W 86th (downstairs), nr Columbus Ave. Soul cleansing sessions No cover, no minimum (874-8754).

The Cellar—70 W 95th. The Earl May Quartet from 10 except Sun and Mon when a guest trio jams from 9. Thur, Fri, Sat, singer Marlena Shaw. Continental cuisine served until 1 a.m. (866-1200).

The Cookery—8th St & University Pl. The menu's fine and if you don't like hard drinks you can have an ice-cream soda. Jazz pianist Marian McPartland here thru 8/5, accompanied by bassist Jay Leonhart. Then boogie woogie great Sammy Price arrives and takes over for the balance of the summer. And Cyril Haynes, a poet of the jazz piano appears each Sunday from 7 to midnight (OR 4-4150).

Third Phase—111th St, corner Bdway. Looks like a big plastic cave, has good Italian food and "name" performers, and the house-band is called Amazing Grace (749-9520).

Trude Heller—418 6th near 8th St. A swinging jazz-oriented Village fruggery. Thru 8/1, Bill Evans and the Reggie Moore Trio. 8/3-15, Ahmad Jamal Trio. Closed on Mondays (AL 4-8346).

Village Gate—Bleecker at Thompson. The Chapins, a country rock-hard rock-ballad group, here thru 8/1. Continuous music and dancing (GR 5-5120).

Village Vanguard—Seventh Ave So at 11th. The Art Blakey Sextet. Mondays have the Thad Jones and Mel Lewis 17-piece band (AL 5-4037).

West Boondock—114 Tenth Ave, cor 17th. Mon, Tues, Wed, Nat Jones on piano; Herman Wright on bass. Thurs-Sun, Lance Hayward on piano, and Carl Pruitt on bass. Soft atmosphere, sawdust floors, amber lights, "boss" soul food (929-9645).

Your Father's Mustache—7th Ave S at 10th. 77 banjos in an informal setting, and on Sunday afternoons, concerts by a jazz sextet known as Balaban and Cats (OR 5-4630).

PIANO ROOMS

Cafe Bar—Sherry Netherlands, Fifth Ave & 59th St. Atmosphere, plus Robert Poitevin at the piano from 5:30 to 12:30 save Sun & Mon (EL 5-2800).

Drake Room—71 E 56 at Madison. Smart, conservative, properly lit, luxurious, and Dick Hankinson's at the piano (HA 1-0900).

Grenadier—863 First Ave. Veddy veddy British atmosphere. Lynn Richards at the piano (753-2960).

Italian Steak House—74th St at 3rd Ave. North Italian cuisine in an attractive setting, with Tony Terini at the piano (535-3416).

La Bibliotheque—341 E 43. Low-beamed ceilings, white stucco walls, overlooks the fountain of the U.N. building and has Norman Roland at the keyboard. Open every day (689-5444).

Little Table in the Corner—237 Madison Ave, at 37th. Cellar club with every table in a corner of its own, which is not easy; dark and congenial and Bubber Johnson does the pianowork Tuesday thru Saturday (685-7160).

Monkey Bar—Elysee Hotel, 60 E 54. Pianist Johnny Andrews here during the cocktail hour, along with hot and cold hors d'oeuvre (PL 3-1066).

Pink Poodle—127 E 47 nr Lex. Travis Washington plays (for the ninth year!) and sings too (PL 3-7531).

Proof of the Pudding—64th at First. Famous for their luncheon and dinner seducers. Guitarist Mirko and pianist Arturo entertain in the Mirror-Mirror Room (421-5440).

Rembrandt Room—Stanhope Hotel, 5th at 81st St. George Feyer is on hand at dinner and supper (BU 8-5800).

The Ravelled Sleave—79th St at Third. A cute, intimate place, the personification of our city's "new pub." The piano creates a nice mood, so does the food (628-8814).

DINING PLUS

Cafe Pierre—5th Ave at 61st. From 7:30, dancing every single night, to the music of the Herb Winner Trio or the Phil Wayne Trio, and of course open 7 days a week from noon for lunching, cocktails, dining and supping (838-8000).

Casino-on-the-Park—Essex House, 59th St nr 7th Ave. Its chef is a director of the Escoffier Society and the cuisine proves it. There's a fine view of Central Park, and for Sunday brunch there is a glorious Lucullan buffet designed to bring tears to the eyes of gourmets and dieters alike and it's unbelievably reasonable (like $4.50?) (243-0300).

Dionysos—304 E 48th nr Second. A pretty restaurant —one of those split-level jobs with spanking white decor, ruby-red accents, antique woven rugs. Greek music and dancing; nectar and ambrosia. Nico Antoniou sings (758-8240).

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MADAME
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VIKING

Hideaway—32 W 37th. Supper club featuring a continental menu with music for dancing by the Trio Romantico, and songs in nine languages by Joanna Makris. Closed Sunday (WI 7-8940).

Jager House—85th St & Lexington. Charming Old World atmosphere with a touch of Vienna. Walter Stafford at the piano nitely (RH 4-3820).

Joe's Pier 52—144 W 52. An immense aquarium with lovely fish to look at and eat (38 varieties). There are the Wharf Rooms, East and West, the Marine Room, The Captain's Table. The Showboat Bar spotlights singer-pianist Romaine Brown and singer-guitarist Don Mimmo (245-6652).

Kef Cafe—89 E 4th St (just west of 2nd Ave). A pot belly stove flickers from 7 p.m. to 5 a.m. Fri and Sat, mid-Eastern and American music; weekdays, chess, and old-time radio. Food all the time (473-9926).

Les Champs—24 E 40th nr Madison. Lots of candles, continental food and strolling musicians. If you live in the metropolitan Manhattan area and call ahead, a limousine will pick you up and bring you to dinner—for free (LE 2-6566).

Mamma Leone's—239 W 48 nr 8th Ave. No other such abundant board exists. Paintings, statues, old world ambience, endless menu, a memorable zabaglione, fine wines and wandering musicians (JU 6-5151).

Peter Rumsey's Place—140 W 51st. Pub-style eating-and-drinking establishment, with traditional English favorites. Pianist from 5:30, Mon thru Fri (246-8731).

Ponte's—Desbrosses & West Sts. Feast on classic Italian cuisine and enormous lobsters at this rapidly expanding downtown spot. Leave your car and a man will drive you to the theater after dinner. Strolling troubadour, of course (CA 6-4621).

Pyewacket—334 E 73rd, betw 1st and 2nd Aves. The decor is mysterious and lovely, the cuisine excellent and the prices unbelievably reasonable. Guitarist-singer Sarig Herrman entertains (288-1635).

Riverboat—Thru 9/1, Monty Alexander, and the Internationals. Limited menu and continuous dancing (PL 9-2444).

Sacred Cow—228 W 72 nr Bdway. Excellent steaks and seafood served in friendly atmosphere. Don Tabor at the piano (724-9954).

Steak 'n' Stein—78 W 3rd, below Wash Sq. A new folk-rock club with excellent food and entertainment. Wed thru Sun, Ron Price, Jonnie Berger, and comic Rusty Blitz (777-9740).

Top of the Gate—Bleecker at Thompson. Restaurant and jazz lounge. Thru 8/8, Ray Nance Quartet. 8/10-22, Mel Lewis Quartet. Mondays for guest talent (GR 5-5120).

THINK ETHNIC

Adonis—1230 Second Ave, at 63rd. Latest of the Greek experiences in town, a bright and impressive white-washed structure of oversized archways, with a Greek bouzouki quartet for dancing. Dining is sumptuous. Lively until 4 a.m. (249-2773).

Al Mounia—38th St & Madison. It's a zillion-dollar-restaurant-cafe-bar complex, one of three (the others are in Casablanca and Madrid), with North African chefs, sumptuous food and odd decor (the bar's covered with rugs on floors, walls and ceiling, and it's so dark you can't see anything. The couscous, ah-h-h . . . Kal Anthony alternates with Emme Kemp at the piano (683-5860).

Benihana Palace—15 W 44th St. Ritual Japanese cooking in a replica of an 18th-century Japanese palace. The Korean singing duo of Frank Song and Tina entertain (682-7120).

Beau Geste—239 3rd Ave, betw 19th & 20th Sts. Dim lights, Moroccan decor; the cuisine, nevertheless, is French and Italian . . . and delicious (982-4380).

Cleopatra—Bdway & 94th. Superlative Middle East cuisine with a famed chef (Attiah) from the land of the sphinx. Middle East and international music. The service is exceptional and the price is right (749-9980).

Darvish—23 W 8th. New York's only Persian cafe. Cuisine is middle Eastern, entertainers are a heterogeneous lot, Greek, Israeli, Arabic, Turkish and there's a bellydancer; also Jamshid Alimorad, Iran's No. 1 singing star, is making his American debut (533-4640).

Du Midi—48th St W of 8th Ave. Authentic French Provençal, meaning hearty and reasonable like in the old country (try the Tripe à la mode de Caen!). New York's French types gather on weekends for the Provençal folk singing (CO 5-9395)

El Avram—80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. Israeli club with authentic Israeli food (which is the same as authentic Syrian food), and authentic Near East entertainment with Avram Grobard on vocals and accordion (243-9661).

Les Pyrenees—251 W 51 St. Fine French Provencal cuisine in comfortable surrounding. Strolling minstrels drop in (CI 6-0044).

Plaka East—208 E 60th. Excellent Greek food and Lenadro Vlasaris plays his favorite Greek tunes at the piano (371-4851).

Russian Troika—244 E 14th, nr 2nd Ave. It's the Two Guitars, with new owners, but the same authentic cuisine and entertainment (AL 4-3838).

Taco Villa—350 W 46th St. Tacos, enchiladas, tostadas, moles, tamales and everything nice. Plus mariachi (541-7260).

DISCOTHEQUES

C'est Moi—Corner of 64th and 2nd Ave. Rick's place it's not, but its archways and black-and-white decor suggest Casablanca closely enough for one to expect Paul Henreid to show up and sing the Marseillaise. For couples (935-1416).

Cheetah—310 W 52nd, nr Bdway. Enormous multi-level club with four rooms and wild lighting effects. Tuesday is free for ladies. (582-2970).

Directoire—168 E 48 nr Lex. It is hard to see how this could have made Bonaparte possible, but the selection of records is good, and continuous, from ten till dawn. Closed Sun & Mon (758-9570).

Electric Circus—23 St. Marks. Multi-media theatre, with dancing from 8 p.m. til 8 a.m. No liquor's allowed here, but who needs it. You get high on the light show. Closed Mon & Tues (777-7080).

L'Oubliette—2 W 55th. Come and forget your troubles in this Soul French discotheque. The decor is medieval and lovely, the music nostalgic (265-1595).

Nepentha—137 E 48 nr Lex. Sunken seats, Moorish decor, rear projection murals of mod life—even a billiard table in the back section (688-3103).

Shepheard's—Park at 56th St. You might think you're in Egypt save for the entertainment. Closed Sundays (HA 1-0900).

Tavern On the Green—CPW at 67th. Nightly dancing in the outdoor Rose Garden to the Eddie McGinnis Orchestra. The menu is interesting and the milieu delightful (TR 3-3200).

Wheels—1591 2nd, at 82nd St. Jam, jamming, jammed. A touch of Hair in the night, dancing to records, relaxing to beer. Emmis emcees (879-3777).

Yellowfinger's—3rd & 60th. An underseas grotto—all shades of blue—which can't bridge the generation gap, of course, but comes commendably close to flooding it. It's all done with mirrors (752-0980).

Children

Androcles and the Lion—Performed by members of the Hunter College Children's Theater Workshop. 8/2 at 10:30 a.m. and 3 p.m. 50c for children; $1 for adults. Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Washington Sq So and LaGuardia Pl (598-2028).

Andrus Space Transit Planetarium—Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave, Yonkers. Tue-Fri, 1 and 3 p.m. Wed, 8 p.m. Sat & Sun, 1:30, 3 and 4 p.m. "Man on Mars," thru 9/7 (914-YO 3-4550).

A Theater of Participation—131 W 55th, betw 6th & 7th Ave. Mon thru Fri, thru 8/13, 10:30 a.m. until 1 p.m. Programs for children ages 8-11 and 12-15. Single adm, children $1, adults $2 (586-3325).

Brooklyn Company—Adaptations of Dr. Seuss, Maurice Sendak and Jules Feiffer stories for children every Sunday at 2 and 4 p.m. in Prospect Park near the Golden Age Center. Free (965-3177).

Children's Theater—Washington Sq Pk, opp Loeb Student Center. Plays, songs, improvisations and audience participation. Every Thur, at 11 a.m. thru Sept 2, with Roger Riddle. Free (594-8600).

Clinton Open Air Fair—Handcrafts, antiques, entertainment for children. Sundays thru summer, 1-7, 10th Ave betw 42nd & 43rd. $1 adults, 25c children (586-3131).

Courtyard Playhouse—46 W 85th. "Little Red Riding Hood" meets the Monkey-Flower Wolf and a little ugly troll. Saturdays and Sundays throughout the summer, at 1:30 and 3. $1.50. Reservations a must (765-9540).

Disney on Parade—Madison Square Garden. 8/3 thru 8/29. Mickey Mouse and all the classic characters are here live, in person in a musical production. $7 to $3 (564-6600). (564-4400).

Elsie Leslie Exhibition—Children's Library, Heckscher Oval, Lincoln Center, 65th St. Special exhibition of puppets, story theaters and other memorabilia of interest to children (765-5100).

Famous Playhouse—601 Long Beach Road, Oceanside, L.I. Free kiddie shows every Tuesday at 6:30 p.m. with Roger Riddle (516-RO 6-2345).

Flying—A musical for children by the Surprise Troupe, Sats at 2 and Suns at 1 & 3 p.m. $1.50. Surprise Theater, 1591 2nd Ave. (861-4943 or 734-9771).

Gabriel Ghost—A musical set in the supernatural land of Scaren tells about a young ghost's first assignment to haunt a house. 8/3, 4, at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. 60c. YMHA, 92nd St and Lexington Ave (427-6000, ext. 722).

Metropolitan Museum of Art—5th at 82nd St. The Junior Museum with its own exhibitions, galleries and reference library, studio, snack bar, daily.

Moofy Puppet—E Manh School Bldg. 233 E 18. Audience may play-act, play instruments and help design a Moofy. Ages 6 to 11. Sun, 2 p.m. $1.50. Reservations only. A Moofy kit to each child (677-6216 or GR 5-8671).

Off Center Theater—Central Park, 79th St & 5th. 8/1, 2 p.m. and 3:30 p.m. 8/4, 5, noon and 1 p.m., Judah Maccabee. Free (929-8299).

Peggy Bridge Marionettes—346 E 69th. Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays at 2 p.m. "Puss in Boots," and Leroy the Magician $1. (AC 2-3831).

Pixie Judy Troupe—Playhouse Theater, W 48th St. 8/4, "The Littlest Clown," 11:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. $2.50 (541-9820).

Prospect Park Zoo—Flatbush Ave and Empire Blvd, Bklyn. Seals and lions and elephants and monkeys, a wombat, a moth-eaten hyena and loads of bears, all sizes and colors. Always free.

Story Hour—83rd St Playground, Riverside Park. Wed afternoons at 3, stories of special interest to children, 3 to 8 (Call Teddy, 877-3383).

Story Hour—New-York Historical Society Museum, 170 CPW at 77th. Thru 8/19, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 2:30 p.m. Story Hours for children between the ages of four and eight (873-3400).

Story-telling Programs—Around the Hans Christian Andersen statue in Central Park, on the east shore of Conservatory Lake, best reached by entering the park at 5th Ave & 72nd St. Each Saturday thru 9/25. All programs start at 11 a.m. and are geared for children five years and older (360-8141).

Theater of the Imagination—Sat at 1:30; Sun at 3. Children $1, adults $2. Originals I Theater, 253 W 73rd St, Riverside Plaza Hotel (873-7788).

Wizards, Wands and Wonder—Magic show with Sir Laurence and his retinue, 7/29, 30; 8/3, 4, 5, 6, 10, at 1 p.m. for one hour. $1.50. New York Magical Theater, 40 E 35th (683-4988).

Concerts

FRIDAY, JULY 30

Jazzmobile Concert, 127 St between Madison and Fifth Aves, 866-4900, 7. Thad Jones; Mel Lewis Orchestra.

Jazz Contemporaries, La Martinique, 57 W 57, PL 2-2234, 12 noon to 3.

Stephen Sills, Madison Sq Garden, Seventh Ave between 31 and 33, 564-4400, 8.

SATURDAY, JULY 31

Gary Burton, vibraphone and **The University of Illinois Jazz Band,** Town Hall, 123 W 43, JU 2-4536, 7:30.

Liam Clancy and the **X Seamens Institute,** South Street Seaport Pier 16, Fulton and East River, 349-4310, 7.

Orchestral Society of Westchester Symphony, Lyndhurst, Route 9, Tarrytown, (914) SC 3-8924 or PL 3-0450, 8:30. Conductor: Stephen Simon; soloist: William Du Pre, tenor.

Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, Central Park Mall, EN 2-5939, 8. Conductor: Boyd Neel; soloist: Masako Yanagita, violinist.

New York Opera Theatre, Kissena Park, Kissena Blvd, Flushing, 479-3666, 8.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

Medieval and Renaissance Music, Cloisters, Ft. Tyron Park, 923-3700, 3 (free). Performers: Christopher Williams, Jo Ann Williams and Mary Springfels.

Rock Concert, Van Cortlandt Park, Bdway at 245, 733-2100, 2 (free).

Jazz Concert, Claremont Park, Mt. Eden and Topping Ave, Bronx, 733-2100, 2 (free).

Third Avenue "El" Steel Band, Echo Park, Echo Place off Anthony Ave, Bronx, 733-2100, 2 (free)

Lord Bill Barnes, calypso singer, St. Mary's Park, St Annes Ave at 149, Bronx, 733-2100, 2 (free).

Caribbean Musical Pageant, Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, near Willets Point Blvd, Queens, 360-8141, 5 (free).

Seuffert Band, Forest Park Music Grove, Queens, 321-2788, 3 (free).

Grady Wilson, organist, New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle, 581-2311, 3.

Eugene Hancock, organist and **New World Chamber Ensemble,** Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam at 112, 865-3600, Hancock at 3:30; New World at 4.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2

Mostly Mozart Festival, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza, TR 4-2424, 8. New York Chamber Orchestra conducted by Sergiu Comissiona; soloists: Benita Valente, soprano; Alfred Brendel, pianist. Haydn, Mozart, Schubert.

Judy Collins, Schaefer Music Festival, Wollman Skating Rink, Central Park, 249-8870, 7 and 9:30 (raindate 8/3, same time).

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Co-Op City Community Center, 99 Dreiser Loop, Bronx, MU 2-6567, 8:30 (free). Conductor: Julius Grossman; soloist: Barry Finclair.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3

Mostly Mozart Festival, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza, TR 4-2424, 8. Guarneri Quartet with Lee Luvisi, pianist. Haydn, Mozart.

New York Philharmonic, Central Park Sheep Meadow, 8:30, (free). Conductor: Istvan Kertesz; soloist: Lorin Hollander, pianist. Weber, Prokofiev, Dvorak.

New York Choral Society Summer Sing, CAMI Hall, 165 W 57, 972-0113, 7:30. Siegfried Landau conducts Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis."

Latin Music Festival, Lindsay Park, Montrose Ave and Lorimer St, Bklyn, 360-8141, 8. MC: Paquito Navarro; Bobby Capo Show with the Cesar Concepcion Orchestra.

Oscar Brand and **X Seamens Institute,** South Street Seaport Pier 16, 349-4310, 7.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4

Mostly Mozart Festival, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza, TR 4-2424, 8. Repeating Monday's program.

New York Philharmonic, Clove Lake Park, West New Brighton, Staten Island, TR 4-2424, 8:30. Repeating Tuesday's Sheep Meadow Program.

Municipal Concerts Orchestra, Seaside Park, Seabreeze Ave and W 5, MU 2-6567, 8:30 (free). Conductor: Julius Grossman; soloist: Barry Finclair, violinist. (In rain—P.S. 100, W 3 and Sheepshead Bay Rd.)

Delaney & Bonnie & Friends and **John Hammond,** Schaefer Music Festival, Wollman Skating Rink, Central Park, 249-8870, 7 and 9:30 (raindate 8/5, same time).

George Shirley and **Ann Elgar,** singers, Golden Age Center, J. Hood Wright Park, 173 and Ft. Washington Ave, 472-1003, 7:30 (free).

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5

Mostly Mozart Festival, Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza, TR 4-2424, 8. New York Chamber Orchestra conducted by Eve Queler; soloists: Nancy Shade, Martha Toney, Jeanette Walter and Nadja Witkowska, sopranos; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; Robert Paul, baritone; George Reid and Will Roy, basses. Arias and ensembles from various Mozart operas.

New York Philharmonic, Prospect Park, Bklyn, TR 4-2424, 8:30. Repeating Tuesday's program.

Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53, 956-7072, 7:30.

New York Choral Society Summer Sing, CAMI Hall, 165 W 57, 972-0113, 7:30. Robert DeCormier conducts Haydn's "The Creation."

Latin Music Festival, Lindsay Park, Montrose Ave and Lorimer St, Bklyn, 360-8141, 8 (free). MC: Bobby Capo; the La Lupe show.

Larry King, organist, Trinity Church, Bdway at Wall, 269-6646, 12:45.

Opera

FRIDAY, JULY 30-SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

Light Opera of Manhattan, Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E 74, LE 5-6310, Fri, 7/30, 8:30; Sat, 7/31, 4 and 8:30; Sun, 8/1, 4. Gilbert and Sullivan's "H.M.S. Pinafore."

SATURDAY, JULY 31 SUNDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 3, AND 4

Center Opera Company of Minneapolis, Hunter College Assembly Hall, 69 between Park and Lexington, 535-5350, Sat, 7/31, 8, Sun, 8/1, 2:15—Virgil Thomson's and Gertrude Stein's " The Mother of Us All"; Tue, 8/3, 8, Wed, 8/4, 8—H. Wesley Balk's and John Gessner's "Faust Counter Faust."

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

Lyric Theatre of New York, Eisenhower Park, East Meadow, L.I., (516) 997-8340, 8:30. Gounod's "Faust."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3

Opera Workshop, Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, UN 4-9702, 7:45. Verdi's "Rigoletto."

WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY, AUGUST 4-5

Light Opera of Manhatten, Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E 74, 535-6310, 8:30. Gilbert and Sullivan's "Gondoliers."

Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
NEW YORK STATE THEATER
(Thru August 8)

Fri, 7/30, 8:15, "Brahms Quintet," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Paquita," "The River."

Sat, 7/31, 2:15, "Pulcinella Variations," "La Sylphide."

Sat, 7/31, 8:15, "Pulcinella Variations," "La Sylphide."

Sun, 8/1, 1:15, "Petrouchka," "Mendelssohn Symphony," "Fancy Free."

Sun, 8/1, 7:15, "Petrouchka," "Jardin Aux Lilas," "The Combat," "Gaite Parisienne."

Tue, 8/3, 8:15, "Les Noces pas de deux," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "Mendelssohn Symphony."

Wed, 8/4, 8:15, "Mendelssohn Symphony," "The Miraculous Mandarin," "The Moor's Pavane," "Theme and Variations."

Thur, 8/5, 8:15, "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," "Paquita," "Fancy Free."

STUTTGART BALLET
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
(Thru August 1)

Fri, 7/30, 8, "Brouillards," "Coppelia pas de deux," "Opus 1," "The Seasons."

Sat, 7/31, 2, "Romeo and Juliet."

Sat, 7/31, 8, "Romeo and Juliet."

Sun, 8/1, 2, "Eugene Onegin."

Sun, 8/1, 8, "Eugene Onegin."

OTHER EVENTS

FRIDAY, JULY 30

Dancemobile, Corner of Hollis and 204 Sts, Queens, 831-5292, 8. Movements Black, Inc.—Afro-American dance.

FRIDAY, JULY 30, SATURDAY, JULY 31 SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

Lucas Hoving Dance Company, Connecticut College American Dance Festival, New London, Conn, (203) 442-9131, Fri, 7/30, 8, Sat, 7/31, 8, Sun, 8/1, 2. (Tickets may be purchased through Ticketron, 644-4400.)

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 3, 4

Summer Dance Festival, American Theater Laboratory, 219 W 19, 929-8772, 9. Choreography by Bauman, Croll, Duncan, Keen, Wilson, Zimmerman.

Anne Cleveland Dance Company, Cubiculo, 414 W 51, 265-2138, 8.

FRIDAY-SATURDAY, JULY 30-31

Chuck Davis Dance Company and **Arthur Wilson Company,** Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73, 288-2995 or 288-2500, Chuck Davis Co. at 7:30; Arthur Wilson Co. at 10:30.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2

George Faison Universal Dance Experience, Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73, 288-2995 or 288-2500, 7:30.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 3-THURSDAY, AUGUST 5

George Faison Universal Dance Experience, Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73, 288-2995 or 288-2500, 10:30.

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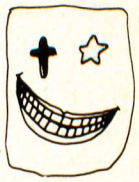

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WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY, AUGUST 4-5

Michael Olatunji Dancers, Singers and Drummers of Africa, Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73, 288-2995 or 288-2500, 7:30.

Art

OPENING SOLOS

Larry Poons—Images, 737-9655 (by appt only). New signed and numbered graphics, 8/1-9/7.

CONTINUING SOLOS

Alexander Dobkin—Gallery 1199, 310 W 43, 582-1890. "War and Peace": paintings, drawings and lithographs, thru 9/30.

Kamil Kubik—Plaza Hotel, Fifth at 59, PL 9-3000. Pastels of "Beautiful New York," thru 8/3.

Alexander Liberman—Hammarskjold Plaza, Second at 47, PL 2-0124. Six new large sculptures, thru 8/10.

Reginald Marsh—Danenberg, 1000 Madison, 249-7050. Paintings and drawings, thru 8/13.

Miguel Rios—Henry Street Settlement Gallery, 265 Henry St, 962-1100. Photographs, thru 9/6.

Sheldon Rose—Pioneer Moss, 460 W 34, LO 4-2640. Wooden type assemblages, thru 8/27.

Blanche Rosen—Empire Savings Bank, 830 Third, 651-6100. "The Artist—I:" photographs, thru 7/30.

Haim Shapiro—Yeshiva University, Ferkauf School, 55 Fifth, LO 8-8400 ext. 285. Oils relating to the Jewish experience, thru 8/6.

Anthony Toney—New School, 66 W 12, 628-2440. "Aftermath," a mural depicting various aspects of confrontation between the establishment and movements seeking to establish a new order, thru 7/31.

Vasarely—Denise René, 6 W 57, 765-1330. Retrospective of original graphics: 1949-1971, thru 7/31.

OPENING GROUP SHOWS

African Tribal Arts—84 E 10, 982-4556. Initiation masks of the Guinea Coast, 8/3-8/14.

Grand Central—40 Vanderbilt, TN 7-3344. "Salt and Sea": paintings by Waugh, Bradbury, Fuller and Brightwell, 8/1-8/30.

Graphics 1 & 2—340 E 52, 759-8173. Prints by Le Corbusier, Appel, Kelly, Nesbitt, Dine and others, 8/1-8/31.

NYU Loeb Student Center—Washington Square S and La Guardia Pl, 598-2116. Paintings and drawings by John Fischer and Suzanne Langle, 7/28-8/18.

CONTINUING GROUP SHOWS

ACA—25 E 73, 628-2440. Paintings by Avery, Cikovsky, Dobbs, Filmus, Gropper, Hassam. Levine, Luks, Ligare, Marin, Marsh, Shahn, M. Soyer, Wyeth and other American artists, thru 8/30.

Africal Tribal Arts—84 E 10, 982-4556. Female votive figures from the Guinea Coast, thru 7/31.

AIGA—1059 Third, PL 2-0813. "Come Together": Franklin prize student competition—a juried show of work from major schools and universities in the U.S. and Canada, thru 7/30. Children's books from Russia, thru 8/31.

Alonzo—26 E 63, 688-2036. "The Seventh Season": rotating exhibition of all-media works by Shirley Black, Robert Reid, William McCartin, Roy Shifrin, Lionel Gilbert, Shozo Nagano, and others, thru 7/30.

Benson—Bridgehampton, L.I., (516) 537-0598. Tantric Art; Wayne Higby: Raku ceramics; George Griffin: sculpture; Pre-Columbian artifacts and jewelry, and Indian paintings including 17th-20th century Rajasthani paintings on cloth and paper and a group of miniatures, thru 8/17.

La Boetie—1042 Madison, 535-4865. Prints and drawings by 20th century masters including Ernst, Kirchner, Matisse, Schiele and Grosz, among others, thru 9/31.

Calvary House—61 Gramercy Park N, GR 5-1216. Photographs by students of the New York Phoenix School of Design, thru 8/20.

Center for Puerto Rican Cultural Relations—432 Third, 684-0390. Graphics by David Cottes, Carlos Irizarry, Juan Maldonado, Roberto Mercado, Rafael Tufino, thru 7/31.

Feigen—27 E 79, 628-0700. Recent paintings by Mueller, Kaufman, Castro-Cid; sculpture by Wilke and Abrahams, thru 8/31.

Fischbach—29 W 57, PL 9-2345. Paintings and sculpture by Jean Davis, Anne Arnold, Robert Ryman, Jim Bishop, Doug Ohlson, Robert Mangold, and others; prints by Alex Katz, thru 9/30.

Frumkin—41 E 57, PL 3-0133. Works by gallery artists and artists who have not previously exhibited in New York, thru 7/31.

Gallery at 210—210 Fifth, MU 6-8860 (by appt. only). Leon Golomb: "Technological Primitivism": free-standing paintings; Louise Todd: three dimensional woven forms, thru 8/6.

Gee—263 W 11, 929-6657 (by appt only). Emilio Cruz: color ink drawings with felt-tip pen; Jack Whitten: charcoal drawings and pastels; John E. Dowell, Jr.: black and white and color ink drawings, thru 7/30.

Golden Lion—1310 Madison, 831-4737. Prints by Marini, Miro, Cocteau, Buffet, Ret, Jansem, Brazilier, Foujita, Clave, Lurcat, Delauney, thru 8/30.

Graham—1014 Madison, 535-5767. Contemporary American paintings and sculpture, thru 9/10.

Grand Central—40 Vanderbilt, TN 7-3344. Oils and watercolors of land-and seascapes of vacation spots by gallery artists, thru 7/30.

Graphics 1 & 2—340 E 52, 759-8173. Prints by Summers, Warhol, Miro, Kelly, Magritte and others, thru 7/31.

Hammer—51 E 57, PL 8-0410. Landscape and still-life paintings, thru 8/30.

O. K. Harris—469 W Bdway, 777-6868. Paintings and sculpture by gallery artists, thru 7/30.

Hofstra University—Emily Lowe Gallery, H.U., Hempstead L. I., (516) 560-3265. "Art Around the Automobile:" graphics, watercolors and photographs, full-scale models, sculpture etc. on the subject of cars, thru 8/26.

Hutchinson—127 Greene, 254-4430. Paintings and sculpture by Clement Meadmore, Natvar Bhavsar, Mac Welles, Murray Reich, Garry Rich and others, thru 7/31.

Knoedler—21 E 70, 628-0400. Works by Berlant, Dubsky, Mangold, Newton, Shatter, Stone, Swain, Wells, thru 7/31.

Kodak—1133 Sixth, 262-6183. "The Colorful World of Wheels," pictures of various kinds of racing vehicles and events, thru 8/31.

Lever House—Park at 54, 581-4710. "Sterling in the '70s," one-of-a-kind pieces by prize-winning young student-craftsmen, thru 8/1.

Long Island University—Flatbush Ave Extension and DeKalb Ave, Bklyn, Humanities Bldg, 834-6000. Paintings, drawings and graphics by Adler, Atkind, Bramson, Davis, Duane, Faust, Federe, Krower, LeRoy, Maguire, Margler, Morse, M. Ross, S. Ross, Shapshak, Stein and Strax, thru 7/30.

Lord & Taylor—Fifth at 38, 8th fl, 947-3300. African Art, thru 8/31.

Mann—1226 Third, 737-1195. Graphics by Chagall, Miro, Degas Matisse, Hundertwasser, Vasarely, Picasso, Dali, and others, thru 8/31.

Midtown—11 E 57, PL 8-1900. Paintings by Bishop, Palmer, Cadmus, Sepeshy, Betts, Thon, Binford, Moller, Vickrey, Nagler, Etting, Rosenthal, Coiner, Varga, Mayhew, Hale, Sivard, Meyer, Freedman, Schoener, Moyer, Etnier, and Magafan, thru 8/27.

National Art Museum of Sport—Madison Square Garden Center, Seventh between 31 and 33, 244-4127. Sport cartoons: over 300 ink or brush drawings and watercolors by members of the National Cartoonists Society, thru 8/5.

NYU Loeb Student Center—Washington Sq So and La Guardia Pl, 598-2452. Vick Owens: acrylic paintings, Gerald Monroe: charcoal drawings and oils, thru 7/22. Formica, vinyl and bronze sculpture by Leo Schulemowitz, Cecile Abish, and Abram Schlemowitz, thru 8/27.

Owens-Corning Fiberglas Center—717 Fifth, 759-3810. "Energy: Fuel for Our Lifestyle"—exhibit describes the growth of fuel and power consumption in the United States, present sources of energy, methods of conserving fuel, and plans for expanding energy sources, thru 9/30.

Pace—32 E 57, 421-3292. Works by gallery artists including Dubuffet, Krushenick, Nevelson, Samaras, Trova, Youngerman and others, thru 8/13.

Sabarsky—987 Madison, 628-6281. German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Jawlensky, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schlemmer, Kirchner, Klimt and Schiele, thru 8/31.

Salmagundi—47 Fifth, 255-7740. Oils, watercolors, graphics by Salmagundi Club members, thru 9/10.

Skylight—1 Union Sq, 924-8115. Abstract and semi-abstract paintings by gallery artists including Betty Bressi, Lina Burley, Elizabeth Chater, Francis Hynes and Libby Seaberg, among others, thru 7/30.

Sonraed—141 Prince, 358-9378. Paintings by Diane Farrell, Donna Freeman, Janet Langsam, Lanny Lasky, thru 7/31.

Underground—51 E 10, SP 7-3561. Fifty custom color original photographic prints, thru 8/13.

Van Der Straeten—981 Madison, 988-0617. Works by Golinkin, de Botton, Lareuse, Crotto, Glenn, Herko, Ionescu, Jensen, Loirand, Ramsay, thru 9/15.

Weyhe—794 Lexington, TE 8-5478. Contemporary prints and drawings, thru 7/30.

Museums

American Academy of Arts and Letters—Audubon Terrace, Bdway between 155th and 156th, AU 6-1480.

American Indian Arts Center—1051 Third, UN 1-2630.

American Museum of Natural History—CPW at 79th, 873-1300. Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun & Hols 1-5. 19th-20th Century Chinese Kites, thru 9/15. The Gypsy Moth and the Elm Spanworm: exhibit of the live tree-defoliating insects, thru 7/31. "Hall of Peoples of the Pacific:"permanent exhibit created and built under the direction of Dr. Margaret Mead. The hall focuses on ceremonials, daily life, trade relationships, crafts and methods, and warfare and kinship systems of South Pacific cultures. John Burroughs exhibit: materials and writings of the naturalist. Hall of Mexico and Central America: Aztec and the Mayan sculptures, jade objects, masks; "Gold of the Americas": pre-Columbian gold from Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia.

American Numismatic Society Museum—Bdway between 155th and 156th, AU 6-3030. Tue-Sat 9-5, Sun 1-4. Coins of the world from the inception of coinage to modern days.

Brooklyn Museum—200 Eastern Parkway, NE 8-5000. Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 11-5, Holidays 1-5, closed Mon and Tue. *Pride and Prejudice:* women depicted by outstanding artists of both sexes in prints, drawings, photographs and illustrations from the 15th-20th centuries, thru 9/12.

Chase Manhattan Bank Money Museum—1254 Avenue of the Americas, 552-1046. Tue-Sat 10-5. Money from 1500 B.C. to the present including $100,000 bill, Indian wampum, "pieces of eight," and signed checks of all U.S. Presidents.

China House Gallery—125 E 65, 744-8181. Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5.

Cloisters—Ft. Tryon Park, 923-3700. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Finch College Museum of Art—62-64 E 78, BU 8-8450.

Frick Collection—1 E 70, 288-0700. Thur, Fri, Sat 10-6; Wed & Sun 1-6; closed Mon & Tues.

Gallery of Israeli Art—4 E 54, PL 1-2700.

Goethe House—1014 Fifth, 744-8310. Mon, Fri, Sat 9:30; Tue, Wed Thur 1-8:30.

Guggenheim Museum—1071 Fifth, EN 9-5110. Wed Sat 10-6, Tue til 9 (open free to the public, Tue 6-9), Sun 12-6. *Collection and Acquisitions 1971:* paintings, sculpture, drawings and watercolors from the period of post-Impressionism to the present, including works by Modigliani, Kandinsky, Brancusi, Beckmann, Duchamp, Degas, Matisse and others, thru 9/12.

Hispanic Society of America—Bdway at 155th, 926-2234. Tue-Sat 10-4:30, Sun 2-5. Paintings by El Greco, Velázquez, Goya, Sorolla; Spanish sculpture, furniture, textiles, metalwork, etc. "The Generation of '98": portraits and manuscripts of and by Spanish writers.

Holy Land Center and Museum—777 United Nations Plaza, 490-0715. Mon-Fri 9:30-5. Arts and artifacts from the Holy Land. Tours by appointment.

Hudson River Museum—511 Warburton Ave, Yonkers, (914) YO 3-4550. *Filth:* a competition/exhibition

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WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

AUGUST

Have you noticed that New York is a gayer place this summer? People smile, birds sing and the sky is a little bit bluer. Have you wondered why? The answer is that the families who've seen (or who already have their tickets for) the brand-new edition of "Disney on Parade" at Madison Square Garden (opens Aug. 3) are generating enough joy and delight to spread over all five boroughs —and a goodly portion of the suburban area to boot.

We hope you're one of the lucky ones. But if not, there's still time if you hurry. This all-new, all-live, all-delightful extravaganza will continue to enchant New Yorkers and their visiting relatives right through (29) with performances each and every evening from Tuesday through Saturday at a nice early 7:30, plus 2 P.M. matinees each Wednesday, Friday, and Sunday —not to mention Saturday shows at 10:30 in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

And what wonders will be yours to enjoy! Lovely Snow White and all seven of the dwarfs in a glorious reenactment of their adventures... Goofy, more hilarious than ever as he tangles with the Love Bug... Pinocchio finding new worlds of excitement in a colorful carnival... eye-dazzling ballet with alligators, ostriches and hippopotami from the magic realm of Fantasia... And Mickey! And Goofy! And Donald! And —and—and—

It's all almost beyond belief—and to small folks it will be—but to the mommies, daddies and even grandmas and grandpas who peruse this column may we say in all restrained fervor that of all the entertainments that may offer their enticements to you this summer there's none with so much all-family enjoyment to offer as "Disney on Parade." Please don't miss it.

And if you're looking ahead for another wonderful family treat, tickets go on sale soon for the Madison Square Garden engagement (Sept. 21 thru Oct. 3) of "Holiday On Ice" which this year features not only fabulous Peggy Fleming but also the one and only Snoopy—in person! Watch for newspaper announcements.

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incorporating comment on air, water, and land pollution as well as suggestions for recycling used materials. Exhibit will include sculpture, assemblage, photography painting, print and collage, thru 8/1. "The Hudson—A Journey:" photographs by Robert Perron, thru 8/1. "Sky Watch": The Andrus Space Transit Planetarium's program of free telescope viewing, most clear Wednesday evenings from 7-8 and from 9-10.

Jewish Museum—1109 Fifth, RI 9-3770. Mon-Thur 12-5, Fri 11-3, 11-6. *Kopel Gurwin:* banners on biblical themes, thru 9/6. *Israel/The Reality:* extensive photo exhibit tracing the history of the State of Israel, thru 9/6.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—Fifth and 82nd, TR 9-5500. Tue & Fri 10-9, Wed, Thur, Sat, 10-5, Sun & Holidays 11-5, closed Mon, Holiday Mon 11-5. *Eye Opener Exhibition:* drawings, paintings collages by school children 7-16 years old, 8/4-8/31. *A View from the Gut:* about 45 works by artists and photographs, ages 16-26, from Phoenix Houses throughout NYC, thru 8/1. *English Landscape Artists:* landscape drawings and prints dating from the 18th to the early 20th Century by artists ranging from Gainsborough and J. R. Cozins through Samuel Palmer and Turner, thru 9/7. *Summer Loan Show 1971:* European painting and sculpture of the late 19th and 20th centuries; American painting and sculpture of the last 15 years; and Impressionist paintings, thru 9/7. *A Peaceable Kingdom: China-trade Porcelain Animals of the Eighteenth Century*—35 pieces from the collection of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., thru 9/1. *Florentine Paintings from the Museum's Collection:* works by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, del Sarto, Bronzino and others, thru 9/7. *Arts from the Rooftop of Asia—Tibet, Nepal, Kashmir":* paintings, sculpture and jewelry dating from the 7th-19th centuries, thru 9/7. *Sculpture of Africa: Nigeria and Cameroon,* thru 12/7. *Ancient Egyptian Writing,* thru 1973.

Muse—1530 Bedford Ave, Bklyn, 774-2900. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Stained glass by students from PS 91; Children's Art by students in the Muse Art Workshops, thru 7/31.

Museum of American Folk Art—49 W 53, LT 1-2474 Tue-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts—29 W 53, CI 6-6840. Mon-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *"Clayworks: 20 Americans":* ceramic objects including animals, houses, foods and machines, thru 9/12.

Museum of Modern Art—11 W 53, 956-7070. Mon 12-7, Tue, Wed, Fri, Sat 11-6, Thur 11-9, Sun 12-6, Museum garden open free, Fri, Sat, Sun, 6 p.m.-11 p.m., thru 10/10/71. *Clarence H. White:* 60 photographs thru 9/27. *Ways of Looking:* Introduction to modern art for the spectator who is unfamiliar with the subject, especially children. Exhibit will use works from the museum collection, thru 10/19. *Manuel Alvarez-Bravo:* 60 photographs taken over the past 40 years by the Mexican photographer, thru 8/25. *The Artist as Adversary:* all-media works illustrating some of the ways modern artists have addressed themselves to the larger public issues and events of our time. Exhibit includes photographs by Jacob Riis and Lewis Hine; paintings, posters, drawings and prints by Rouault, Dix, Grosz, Kokoschka and Beckmann, Picasso, Benny Andrews, Robert Indiana and many more, thru 9/27. *Frei Otto:* a full-scale tent constructed in the Museum Garden will house a survey of work done by the German architect including major theoretical studies and executed projects shown in enlarged photographs and drawings with accompanying texts, thru 9/23. *Younger Abstract Expressionist of the Fifties:* Helen Frankenthaler, Grace Hartigan, Alfred Leslie, Joan Mitchell, Raymond Parker and Larry Rivers; and sculpture and constructions by John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary and Richard Stankiewicz, thru 8/31. *Projects: Pier 18*—a series of documentary photographs by Schunk and Kender of recent works by 28 artists on Pier 18 whose style is dependent on process and physical involvement, thru 8/2. *Drawings and Watercolors from the Museum Collection:* contemporary works by artists from the U.S., Europe, Asia and Latin America, thru 8/31.

Museum of Primitive Art—15 W 54, CI 6-9493. Wed-Fri 11-5, Sat 12-5, Sun 1-5. *Sculpture of Oceania:* 50 objects from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia and Australia.

Museum of the American Indian—Bdway at 155th, AU 3-2420. Tue-Sun 1-5.

Museum of the City of New York—Fifth at 103rd, LE 4-1672. Tue-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Toys from the George Brown Sketchbook:* exhibition will include the original mid-nineteenth century sketchbook containing the watercolor designs for nearly 100 tin toys and 70 of the toys themselves, thru 9/6. *How Green Was My City:* paintings, watercolors and lithographs showing New York as it looked during the 19th century, together with matching black and white photographs of the same sites as they appear today, thru 9/6.

Museum of the Media—1 Union Sq W. (14th St entrance), 243-1008.

Museum of the Performing Arts—Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam, 799-2200. Mon-Fri 10-9, and Sat 10-6. Photographs and other memorabilia from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend, thru 7/31. Theater Drawings and Pastels by Claude Marks, thru 8/23. Painters Tribute to Music, by Frederick Thompson, thru 7/31. *Josquin Des Pres: His Music and Times—rare* 15th, 16th, 17th century books concerning this major composer and his work, thru 8/31.

New York Cultural Center—2 Columbus Circle, 581-2311, Tue-Sun 11-8. *Diego Rivera:* large photographed color reproductions of "Sunday Afternoon in the Grove" and other important murals; also works on War from Greer Gallery, thru 9/5. *"The British Avant-Garde":* multi-media works by 17 English artists, thru 8/29. *"Alex Hay: Recorded and Performed Activities Since 1962"*—objects, works on paper and photographic documentation of performed works, thru 8/29.

New-York Historical Society—170 CPW at 77th, 873-3400. Sun, Tue-Fri 1-5, Sat 10-5. "City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," thru 9/5. William Guy Wall: watercolors from his "Hudson River Portfolio"; Hermann Stieffel: watercolors of the Montana Territory, thru 8/31. Portrait, landscape and genre paintings of the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, thru 8/31.

New York Public Library—Fifth at 42, 790-6556. Mon-Fri 10-6. "The Book in Art": works by artists from the 15th century to the present including Dürer, Tiepolo, Goya, Manet, Cassatt, Matisse, and Henry Moore, thru 9/30. Manuscripts and letters of major American, English and Irish writers including Sean O'Casey, T. S. Eliot, John Masefield, Ezra Pound, and others, thru 7/31.

New York University—Loeb Student Center, 566 La Guardia Place, 598-2455.

Nicholas Roerich Museum—319 W 107, UN 4-7752. (Closed thru 9/1).

Pierpont Morgan Library—29 E 36, MU 5-0008. Mon-Fri 9:30-5. 16th Century Gold-tooled Bookbindings; Portrait drawings by 19th and 20th century artists from the collection of Benjamin Sonnenberg, thru 7/30.

South Street Seaport Museum—16 Fulton, 349-4310. Everyday 9-6. The *Caviare,* an 1891 Gloucester fishing schooner; the *Ambrose,* which marked the channel into New York harbor from 1908 to 1932, and the *Wavertree,* built in Southampton in 1885—all at Pier 16 (foot of Fulton) and open to the public.

Studio Museum—2033 Fifth, 427-5959. Mon & Wed 10-9, Thur & Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. *Break Thru:* paintings by artists serving time in New York State's prisons thru 8/8. Photographs by Hugh P. Grannum, thru 8/8.

Theodor Herzl Institute—515 Park, PL 2-0600.

Whitney Museum—945 Madison, 249-4100. Daily 11-6, Tue 11-10, Sun 12-6. *Abstract Design in American Quilts: 50* quilts spanning 150 years by unknown quiltmakers, thru 9/12. *John Sloan:* prints by a pioneer of the Ashcan School, thru 8/1. *American Art of Our Century*—The Permanent Collection: selections from the years 1900-1971, thru 9/6.

Sports

BASEBALL

Fri, 7/30, **Mets** vs Chicago at 8:05. (SS)
Sat, 7/31, **Mets** vs. Chicago at 2:15. (SS)
Sun, 8/1, **Mets** vs. Chicago at 2:05. (SS)
Mon, 8/2, **Mets** vs. Cincinnati at 8:05. (SS)
Tue, 8/3, **Mets** vs. Cincinnati at 5:35. (SS)
Wed, 8/4, **Mets** vs. Cincinnati at 2:05. (SS)
Thur, 8/5, **Yankees** vs. Baltimore at 8. (YS)

HARNESS RACING

Thru 10/14, **Roosevelt Raceway,** nightly except Sun-

day. Post time 8 p.m. Daily Double closes 8 p.m. Exactas on the 3rd, 5th, 7th & 9th races.

THOROUGHBRED RACING

Thru 7/31, **Aqueduct Race Course,** daily except Sunday. Post time 1:30 p.m. Daily Double on the 1st and 2nd races. Exactas on the 4th, 6th & 8th races.

August 2-28, **Saratoga Race Track,** daily except Sunday. Post time 1:30 p.m. Daily Double on the 1st and 2nd races. Exactas on the 4th, 6th & 8th races.

SPORTS DIRECTORY

Aqueduct Race Course, Rockaway Blvd. at 110th Street, South Ozone Park, L.I., 641-4700.

Madison Square Garden, Pennsylvania Plaza, 7th Avenue, 31st to 33rd Streets, 564-4400. (MSG)

Roosevelt Raceway, off Meadowbrook Parkway, Westbury, L.I., (516) 746-6000.

Saratoga Race Track, Union Avenue, Saratoga Springs, (518) 584-6200.

Shea Stadium, Roosevelt Avenue at 126th Street, 672-2000. (SS)

Yankee Stadium, River Avenue at 161st Street, CY 3-4300. (YS)

Miscellaneous

Art Sale—Special one day exhibit and sale of original graphics, drawings and watercolors by Picasso, Matisse, Chagall, Baskin and many others. Tues, 8/3, 10:30-5:30, Teachers College Bookstore, 1224 Amsterdam, 870-4307.

Backstage Tours of Broadway Theaters—Young actresses lead hour-long tours of the stage, wings, wardrobe, prop and dressing areas of the Lunt-Fontanne Theater (currently showing "The Rothschilds") at 205 W 46. Tours by appointment, 222-3514 or write Periscope Adventures, 50 W 97, N.Y., N.Y., 10025. $3.50 for adults; $2.50 for children, students and senior citizens; group rates available.

Bike Invites—*Bike to Work:* every Thursday Bike for a Better City invites fellow riders to meet at the Fifth Ave & 60th St entrance to Central Park at 8:15 a.m. to ride to work down Fifth Avenue as part of their campaign to get a network of safe bike lanes throughout the city. For return trip home, meet at City Hall at 5:15 and ride up Avenue of the Americas to Central Park. For additional information call 724-8179.

Coney Island—All 485 rides and attractions open 7 days a week, Aquarium open till 9:00 on Tue, Sat, Sun and holidays. Fireworks display each Tuesday night at 9.

Environmental Hotline—The Mayor's Council on the Environment is collecting information concerning different environment group projects underway in NYC. They would also like to hear from citizens who want to learn what specific things they can do to improve their neighborhoods (e.g. how to organize a block clean-up or street closing). The number to call to give and/or receive information is 964-1900.

Folk and Square Dancing—Sponsored by the Department of Recreation, folk dances from all lands will be taught by Lee Godfrey and John Pervis three days a week at three NYC parks: *Mondays* until 8/30 at Washington Square Park, for children 7:30-8; for adults 8-9:30. *Tuesdays* until 8/31 at Heckscher Playground, Central Park, for children 6:30-7:15; for adults 7:30-10. *Wednesdays* until 9/1 at Carl Schurz Park, 84th St and East End Ave, for children 6:30-7:15; for adults 7:30-10. For information call 472-1003. Also, on Wed, 8/4, 7:30-11, instruction and request folk dancing at NYU Loeb Student Center, Washington Square South and La Guardia Place, 598-2452.

Summer Information Number—The number to call for what's happening in the city is 472-1003. Run by the Parks, Recreation and Cultural Affairs Administration, this phone service gives information about free summer events sponsored by PRCA as well as by other city agencies and private organizations. Events will include concerts, athletic programs, street closings and block festivals. Phones will be answered weekdays from 10 a.m.-8 p.m. and weekends from 10 a.m.-7 p.m. PRCA will also operate an information booth at the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Avenue and Central Park South.

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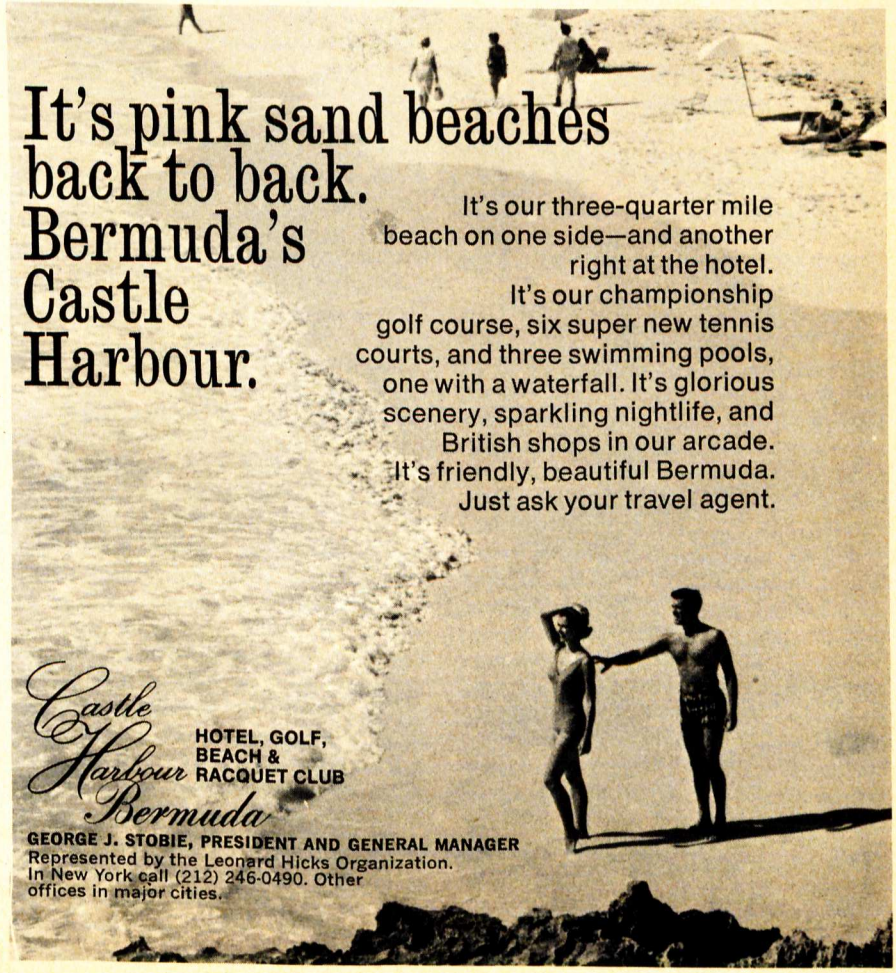
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NEW YORK

The New Jesuits Vs. The Unheavenly City

By Garry Wills

"...'Think of the possibilities for an urban apostolate!' said the Jesuits of Woodstock College when they moved to New York. Two years later they are shaken—in anguish and exhilaration..."

Peace, but not the kiss of peace.
—*Murder in the Cathedral*

It was a hard decision in several ways—not to kiss Terence Cardinal Cooke, all dressed up and receptive, even wearing his silky episcopal bedslippers. The first four had done it, after all—newly ordained priests "concelebrating" Mass with the man who had just chrismed them with sacerdotal oils. Each of the four crossed the sacristy space before the altar and gave him the formal kiss of peace, their "Pax," both hands on his elbows, head ducked first one way, then the other (forget the sequence and you bang heads, knock his miter off).

But the fifth man—lanky and Californianized with long hair after a year of graduate school at Stanford—ambled only a short way toward the Cardinal, then swerved and went to an open microphone that had been used intermittently during the ceremony. "I am sorry," he told the Cardinal indirectly, through the church loudspeakers, "but I cannot give you the kiss of peace until you resign as vicar of the military forces of war . . ." Father John Gallen, S.J. (Society of Jesus), the liturgical Master of Ceremonies, by whose cues and whispers each part of the rite had proceeded, was expecting this, jumping ahead mentally to decide what he could head off, adapt, curtail, or improvise when the confrontation came. He had been braced for it earlier, at the point where each applicant put his hands in the Cardinal's hands, to be asked if he would follow episcopal orders. When Tony Meyer, the young Jesuit back from Stanford, heard the question there was an awkward pause, while Gallen tensed—then the cocky answer came: "Yes, Terence." Obey, then, yes—hesitantly; but *not* do—what? Not kiss, as it turned out.

That *was* the next danger point, Gallen knew, the Pax—and now that it had come he busily gauged what effect this *défi* would have on the rest of the ceremony. He looked at the "old priests" in attendance, vested for concelebration, and saw their faces clouding—there went *one* part of the ceremony, the Pax between old priests and the new ones. It was clear that some fathers disapproved enough of Meyer's act to treat him in kind—no kiss for Terence, by God, no kiss for Tony! Gallen made a mental note: skip the new-old priests' kiss.

Meanwhile, other people were reacting. Father Robert Mitchell, superior of the fifteen Jesuits being brought before the Cardinal for their June ordination, had been seated in the sacristy when Meyer started speaking; but now he was up and moving, visibly angered, going for the mike—to rescue it, presumably, even if that meant wrestling Meyer for it. Father Mitchell had a right to feel betrayed. Fifteen minutes before the service began, Master of Ceremonies Gallen had come to him with a flyer passed out in front of the church (Fordham's chapel building). It had a photograph of Cardinal Cooke in an airplane cockpit, being catechized in the mazes of its instrument panel. Beside the picture ran the words of the satirical song *Sky Pilot*. A second sheet accused the Cardinal of war crimes as military vicar (head of the Catholic corps of chaplains) and as the possessor of stock in war industries; and this page was signed by two of the men being ordained—Tony Meyer, of course, and also Joe O'Rourke. They had obviously printed the flyers and recruited the young people who were passing them out. Gallen feared for the ceremony: he had telephoned Meyer ahead of time, and asked if he meant to act decorously. Meyer, only a few years behind Gallen in the Jesuit training, said he did. The flyer indicated his conception of decorum, and the ceremony was likely to be even more instructive on that subject. Gallen asked Mitchell not to present the two for ordination.

Father Mitchell had already been around this track, with wearying persistence, over the last months—when, for instance, Meyer asked to be ordained outside his own province, so he would not be anointed by the Sky Pilot; or when O'Rourke, long active in the peace movement, had been too busy organizing the Phil Berrigan defense committee to take his required theology courses. But O'Rourke, in the final speech of his D.C. trial for destroying Dow Chemical records, had made a moving declaration of his motives in working toward the priesthood: "to be a celebrator of moments teeming with human possibility—birth, marriage, death." The words were sincerely meant, so Mitchell had decided to risk it. But, now, given another reason to reverse himself, just fifteen minutes before the Catholic Church declared this man "a priest forever," he had of course to weigh all the factors again, this last hurried time. Ordination delayed, after all, is not ordination denied.

These problems would not have

From Woodstock, Maryland, to the Upper West Side: Jesuits Tom Caffrey and Tony Scully in their Riverside Drive apartment. The painting is by Scully.

"... Superiors shudder at what may lurk just offstage at the next ordination—a pig's head served up to the Cardinal..."

arisen in the old days. Mitchell would have said "no nonsense at the ceremony," and that would have been obeyed as a command. But he knows that kind of obedience cannot be counted on now. Such a "command" could well be taken as a challenge, might itself provoke a demonstration, or raise sympathy for the two men's protest. Besides, Mitchell had a friendly concern for these young men in his care. Meyer's and O'Rourke's parents were here, formal cards had been sent out, first Masses arranged at their home parishes, friends and relatives summoned in the customary way—it would be like calling off a wedding halfway down the aisle. Worse, like having the bride's father break up the service with a public announcement that his daughter is a whore. He could not do that to Tony and Joe. And he knew his own feelings would be echoed in the men's classmates, who might spontaneously protest the exclusion of these two from their number at the altar. Both were firm in their desire for the priesthood—who was he to reject men God called? Life is hell on religious superiors today.

It is no wonder, against this background, that Mitchell was furious when Meyer insulted Cooke. He had gone out on a limb for Tony, and Tony was sawing it off. No one knows (perhaps Mitchell least of all) what he would have done had he reached Meyer—two ornate priest-dolls in costume, contending for a microphone around the altar. But the Cardinal is a diplomat, at home in ritual situations (which always have their little cross-ups and crises, head-bumps to be absorbed, fallen miters to be deftly and with poise retrieved). Now he glided up to Meyer, anticipating Mitchell's arrival, stretched his hand out in a friendly way and touched the arm of the young priest who refused to kiss him. "Brother," he began (and the mike was picking him up), "we look at things in a different way." Any nod, now, of agreement or acquiescence on Meyer's part might look like a grudging half-Pax, given after all despite the first refusal, Cooke melting even this intransigence (and therefore winning). So Meyer did an odd dance backward, from the Cardinal's hand, afraid of the Peace—and surrendered the mike (therefore losing). Then Cooke explained to the man, indirectly, through the church loudspeakers, that his role as chief of chaplains is not meant to be political, but only to give spiritual solace to men dying or in danger of their death. The crowd's sympathy was entirely with Cooke, who was big enough to take an insult and not return it in kind. His action was so conciliatory in effect that it blunted Joe O'Rourke's resolve to follow Meyer's example. Instead, he mumbled that he, too, thought Cooke should resign but would nonetheless wish him peace with the Pax. This merest shuffle of truculence did not have enough dignity to challenge the other Jesuits newly ordained and waiting in line for their Pax. They, too, had been won by Cooke's calm fatherly air, and they duck-ducked their successive kisses with special fervor, like stage Japanese in rites of demented politeness.

Downstairs, afterwards, the priests (old and new) peeled off their vestments, layer on layer built up around them in successive rites of symbolic "investment." It might be the last time they would wear the whole panoply. One of them spoke to the whole room in a loud voice: "Tony and Joe, you chose to make your statement in public. I make mine here in private. You wrecked the day our parents have waited twelve years for." (This was one of the last classes to have gone—most of them, anyway—through the old long Jesuit course of training.)

Later in that week, I heard others from the ordination class rip into O'Rourke: "You *used* us and our parents, made a captive audience out of people who had come to something they considered important, and which had nothing to do with your concerns."

"How can you demonstrate for peace, yet refuse a fellow Christian—however mistaken or in error—the ancient kiss of peace?"

But O'Rourke was not without his arguments. The event had its importance because of the Cardinal's spiritual powers, and the social station they give him. He uses that prominence to support a chaplain system in which priests wear military uniforms, take military pay, acquire the military mentality, and give implicit Christian blessing, by their uniformed and obedient presence, to military acts and to the war.

The conflict between these two young priests and their fellow Jesuits is a good example of the dilemma faced by a church now going out into the political and secular world, yet retaining instincts of religion as a "separate" thing—priesthood separate from politics, chaplaincy separate from war, ordination separate from preaching, preaching separate from demonstration, the pulpit at odds with the pamphlet. Most of Meyer's and O'Rourke's classmates would agree with them that this separation can no longer be upheld—yet when it *was* maintained in traditional terms, at their own ordination last month, the others would not follow Meyer's lead; they would not even support him.

Still, despite the disapproval of their fellows, Meyer and O'Rourke have made it clear that ordinations will now join college commencements as chancy affairs, carried out under constant threat of "demonstration" or some disgraceful act. Superiors (and some subjects) shudder at what may lurk just offstage in the future—a pig's head served up to the Cardinal, or new priests who view the liturgy as one type of "guerrilla theater." Their nightmare is that of Eliot's Canterbury chorus: "Corruption in the dish, incense in the latrine, the sewer in the incense."

Some have entertained this nightmare over several years—those who predicted trouble if the Jesuits moved their seminary out of Woodstock, Maryland, into New York, from an isolated semimonastery into apartments scattered in the Upper West Side, its students living in groups of two to twenty-five in the buildings being reclaimed between 98th Street and 125th Street, young religious (average age just under 30) out on the street without clerical attire, on West Side streets full of dogs and muggers, of rabbis and fashionable liberals, of divinity students from Union and bra-less Barnard girls. Incense into the sewer?—yes, but to sweeten the sewer.

And so the move was made, two years ago—150 young Jesuit students of theology, largely invisible, now live in small groups and semi-communes all around the Protestant Union Theological Seminary, taking some of their courses there, looking for priestly occupations between classes, finding them in the peace movement, social work, liturgical experiment, or just taking part in the exciting new scene. One priest spent his first year after ordination driving a cab.

What happened to Woodstock College is part of the general trend for Catholic seminaries. The isolation of the past has been rejected. Theology itself can no longer be studied (or "done" as the jargon has it) convincingly in a sectarian setting. All five of America's Jesuit schools of theol-

Father Redmond McGoldrick (right foreground) and young Jesuits meet at the 98th Street "Gang Plank" to eat, drink, argue.

ogy ("theologates") have moved into cities and established ecumenical relations with Protestant and Jewish houses of study. Woodstock, offered the chance of moving to New Haven as part of the Yale Divinity School, decided instead to go for what is in some ways the most desirable location of all, and the most dangerous: near the Union Theological and Jewish Theological Seminaries, with all the facilities of Columbia at hand, plus NYU and the city's other schools—indeed, all of New York's instructive variety, pace, and squalor.

This last quality was not the least of New York's charms, in the eyes of some Jesuit idealists. "Just think of the possibilities for an urban apostolate! We would be near Harlem and the city's 1 million Puerto Ricans." Men chafing at a decade or so of studious rustication dreamed of taking on the Big Town, and saving it despite itself. They had become numbed, many of them, in studies and their country seminary; they were counting on the city to galvanize them, give them back their youth, life, things to do, people to help, souls to save. They *have* gotten involved in a wide variety of useful tasks—one is at the UN office for religions; others teach or preach part-time in the area. One has worked with Richard Schechner in drama, another is a jazz impresario. Others do community relations work with local police and firemen, or help in drug clinics.

Most find something to enjoy in the West Side environment, and think it as good a place as any for being reborn—it is, after all, undergoing its own rebirth as the intellectually most fashionable quarter of town, the neighborhood with a hint of old elegance restorable, new dangers survivable; where one can live in a mansion on a trashy street, combine funky luxury with social criticism, feel part of things without having to call in "rent-a-mugger." The place is middle-age Bohemian, where old grads of the Village, adrift for years, find an after-life; a colorful thin ridge of resolute survival between the stink of the Hudson River and the dense huddled sounds of Harlem just over the cliff. Ideal.

When I went up, one afternoon, to the suite used as a gathering place in one of the Jesuits' apartment buildings, its dining room was filled with nice old ladies of both sexes, sedately playing cards and sipping tea. It was the afternoon for the house's geriatric apostolate—those old people who sit in brittle gossip on the median strip of Broadway or the concrete margins of Riverside Drive, studying the dogs in their state of perpetual evacuation, had been invited up two days a week for some Jesuit concern and hospitality.

The suite in which they had gathered is the most ambitious attempt at a "common room" and community gathering place in the whole Woodstock complex. It has a bar, with draft Budweiser served in cold tankards all night, called "The Gang Plank"—a nautical motif carried out in its planked floor, long tavern tables, and wooden benches. Models of old ships, stiff and prickly with masts and spars and intricate thread-rigging, hang from the ceiling and rest on the mantelpieces. The dining nook (one meal is catered, at night, by Schrafft's) is filled with round white tables and molded white matching chairs, four to a table for intimacy. A young Jesuit designed the scene and has been criticized for his clubby vision

Photographed by Burt Glinn

"... Some find the '98th Street' Jesuit complex the most interesting spot not only in the Woodstock sprawl but in town ..."

and posh tastes. The building is largely inhabited by Jewish and Puerto Rican families able to pay a hefty rent. When the marionette-parade of neat molded white chairs, one tucked head-down into another, filed on and on (and up, and out and out) of the small elevator serving this wing, an awed tenant said, "Some rich outfit must be moving in." A swarthy young fellow doing the repetitive chair-shuffle that tied up the elevator, muttered sourly, "You bet. The very richest." He is Tony Perez, S.J., called by his fellow Jesuits the only hard revolutionary in the order. He refused to live in this house (on 98th Street) because of its gentlemen's-club atmosphere. But 60 others live, two or three men to an apartment, around the building's various wings, and gather by night in its white chairs or on its wooden benches.

Some find "98th Street," as the complex is called, the most interesting spot not only in the whole Woodstock sprawl, or on the West Side, but in town. Catholic peace activity largely centers here (with a correlative concentration of interest by the FBI). Some of the Jesuits' tenth-floor apartments (the Gang Plank is on the eighth floor) have become "crash pads" for transient peaceniks—that is where Joe O'Rourke lives. The trendiest rock is taped into the Gang Plank with politely high fidelity. Young girls tired of their peace labors rest in the TV room—one with a baby has taken up permanent residence. You could add up an impressive list of arrests, or of years to be served (if appeals fail) at any late-night ideological rumble in the Gang Plank. There are friends and disciples, here, of Dorothy Day, Dan Berrigan, Cesar Chavez, and Saul Alinsky. The religious superior of Woodstock also lives here (there are sub-superiors for the other four houses), but he has not interfered with the peace work, household arguments, or "crashing" visitors. Some say he is afraid to; others think he is waiting for a clear enough issue to muster student support for a crackdown; but he clearly disapproves of the place's frenetic air.

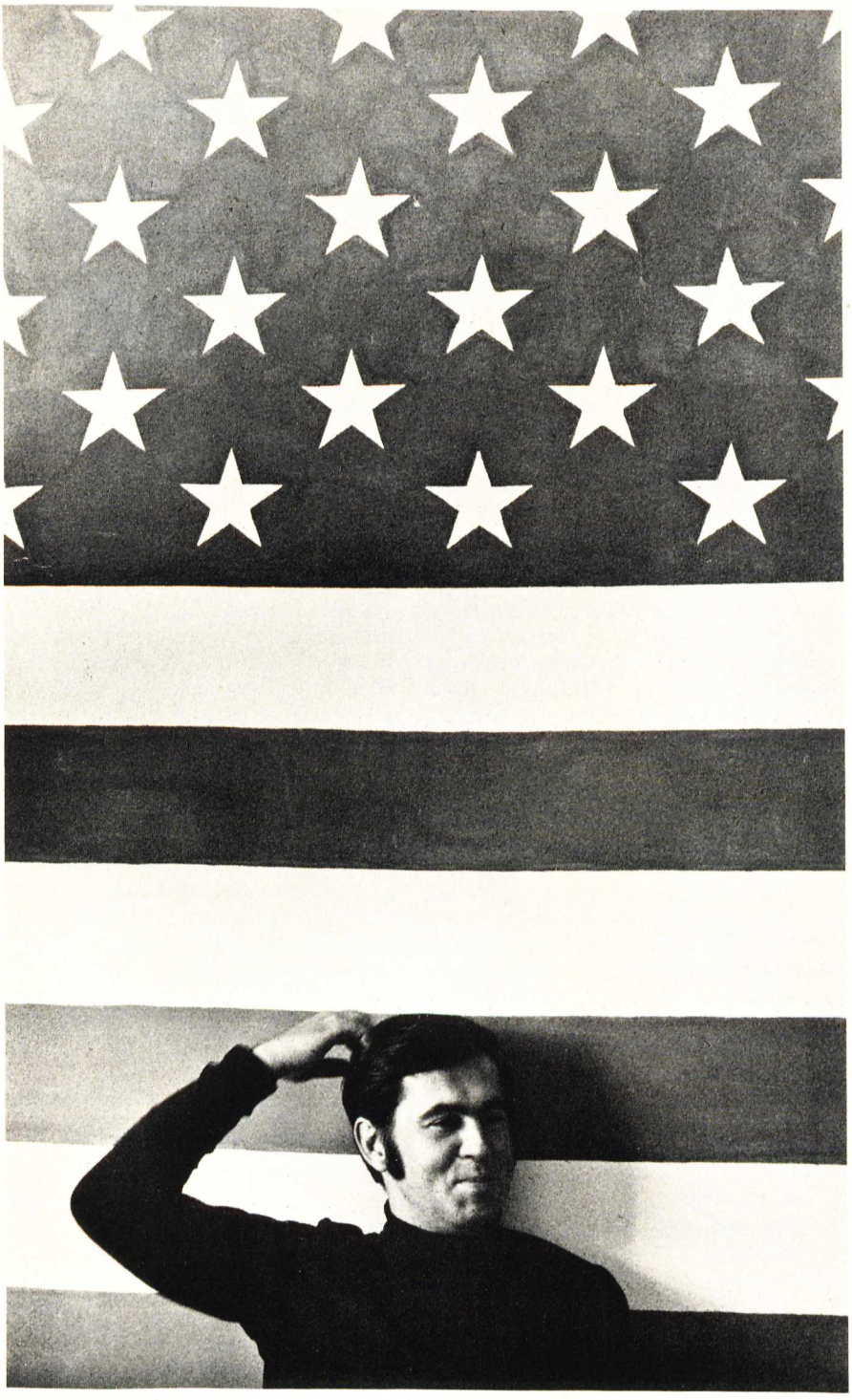
The place does have a catchy pulse, as a priestly hippie-pad—enough to excite the president of Columbia, William McGill, when he dropped by for a visit. The academic president of Woodstock, Father Christopher Mooney, was very excited by McGill's excitement. "The place really blew his mind," he confided to me enthusiastically. "He talked to young theologians in everything from beards and sandals to business suits and ties, working in places like the UN and police stations." There can be no doubt that McGill was impressed. When the General of the Jesuit Order, Father Pedro Arrupe, came over from Rome this May and was entertained at a lunch by the presidents of New York colleges, McGill offered him a toast that was all praise for Jesuit daring and risk: while others were calling the city dead or dying, some fleeing it, most cursing it for dangers or inconveniences, the Jesuits had moved in, unafraid, ready to cope with its seamier aspects and capitalize on its advantages. Father Arrupe accepted the compliment graciously and did not let on that one reason for his visit was to decide whether the New York version of Woodstock College should be folded. It is, after all, a failure.

For that is the other way of viewing the move to New York, and more people are being forced to adopt it every day—that the incense was just poured down the drain, became part of the general sewer odor, its distinct sweetness now irrecoverable. There is an aimlessness to the place. Despite "good works" done by individuals, the college has had no impact on the city. The 1 million Puerto Ricans are still there, their plight not appreciably changed by the Jesuits' advent. The apostolic gestures are made on off-hours by young men asking themselves if they made the big move to New York—or, for that matter, studied so many years for the priesthood—in order to drive a cab or arrange card parties for old ladies, fool with the theater or jazz. The source of the trouble is clear: the one thing all these men have in common, the very reason for their being together at all, is the *college*—and that can have little impact upon its surroundings, or grip upon their lives, because it is hardly a college at all. Most of the students are bored with theology at this point—indeed, with all formal study (a reaction to the long earlier training imposed on them, so much of which looks useless in light of all the changes since Vatican II). Personal crises and uncertainty mix with ill-defined institutional goals—no one knows what Woodstock will be like two years from now, or whether it will exist. Even one still interested in a complete course of theology cannot plan it intelligently, since the very institution offering him courses may not last as long as his doctoral program. Most students are raising all over again the most basic problems of belief, and they find these better answered outside the classroom.

I asked a number of students for an estimate of time spent on the study of theology—reading, lectures, seminars, or writing. The best estimate seemed to be less than two hours a day, on the average. Jolted out of old ways, adapting painfully to new ones (some trade gossipy evaluations of their "shrinks"), these are very bright young men, dedicated and generous—but also very doubting ones, suspicious of authority, uncertain of their purpose. The two sets of qualities go together now, a fact older Jesuits have had to learn, painfully (and partially). The Woodstock student looks for a purpose that will get him out of bed every day, and it is clear that few find that purpose in theological speculation. The effect of this on the ecumenical reason for Woodstock's move is an ironic one. The more "open" the students become, the less they have to contribute to a dialogue with other faiths. Ecumenism at the academic level involves a study of each other's traditions, for mutual enrichment. Catholics are expected to contribute expertise on such things as Thomism, the Jesuit theologians (Bellarmine, Suárez, etc.), papal claims and ecclesiastical Romanism. But these are just what most Woodstock students have avoided, trying to escape the old seminary mold.

The results are foreseeable. Fewer courses are being required, and even those are neglected. The traditional four-year theology program has shrunk to three years; in some cases, two. Men can study in other fields and have it counted as "theology"—e.g. Tony Meyer's work at Stanford. Province Advisers for the Maryland and New York provinces (which Woodstock serves) have recommended that the situation be faced, that Woodstock be reduced to a one-year ministerial school of preparation for the priesthood, abandoning the traditional idea of a theologate altogether. Others believe the only realistic thing to do, academically, is to close Woodstock down altogether. Thus President McGill's toast may have an unintended meaning: that the Jesuits rushed into the city just in time to get in on the dying—and they have gone about the task with suicidal efficiency.

Naturally, there is a good deal of criticism for those who risked the dispersal of Woodstock's unique resources in the city's incensy sewer. Woodstock College in Maryland was the Jesuits'



Jesuit Joe O'Rourke: his apartment in the complex has become a crash pad for peaceniks.

oldest theologate, founded in 1869, the move came just in time to prevent the proper celebration of its centenary, like a man's dying on the eve of his hundredth birthday. Woodstock was also the *best* theologate, the best-known, with the leading Catholic theological library and quarterly journal.

But there were merciless pressures at work on Woodstock. The Jesuits were experiencing the same drop-off in applications that all seminaries had. The spacious college with its vast acres of farmland had housed 300 students around the end of the Vatican Council. It was down to 150 by last year. Official projections (now considered overgenerous) foresaw the enrollment in 1980 as fourteen. (Only four people entered the New York novitiate last year—down from classes of 50 and 60 at the beginning of Vatican II.) Furthermore there was competition with the other four theologates in America —each serving two provinces, and each facing the same problem of a shrinking student body. A planning commission forecast, in 1970, that there would be 100 Jesuit theology students for the whole nation by 1980—and five large theologates to train them (plus another in English-speaking Canada). This is obviously wasteful, and the General of the Order visited each of the five places in turn during his brief May visit, indicating the purpose of his journey. Some of the theologates obviously have to be closed, combined, or devoted to new purposes. Woodstock, if it had stayed in Maryland—with only a community house, no neighboring university or ecumenical contacts —would not have survived. It was stay and die, or move and (perhaps) live.

These were realities difficult to face; they involved breaking old and strong ties. It was hard to get all the relevant decisions made; and hard to carry them out, once made. But two men, Fathers Edward Sponga (the Maryland Provincial) and Felix Cardegna (Woodstock College Rector), both of them energetic and widely admired, advocated the New York move, and won. Cardegna moved up to the city with a pilot group of 30 or so in 1968, and found apartments for the whole body of students to move into the following year. Some faculty members (including sub-superiors for each cluster of apartments) live with the students—the rest were admitted to a new building reserved for Columbia faculty and their families at 125th Street. The academic offices of Woodstock were put in the Interchurch Building ("the God Box") on 120th Street. The library was given a floor in the National Council of Churches Building on 125th (just above the floor where Clergy and Laity Concerned for Peace and other "movement" groups are headquartered).

I interviewed the president of Woodstock, Father Christopher Mooney—an easy, acquiescent man in his first administrative post—at the God Box, where his office is. He seemed to look only on the bright side of the New York move—both by temperament and on principle (his scholarly work has mainly been done on the cosmic optimist Teilhard de Chardin): "This is where important theology is being done. If we meant to do it, we had to come here." I mentioned the students' own low estimate of the hours spent on formal theology. "There is a question of different personal needs, and we are in a state of flux. The whole course of training is being refashioned and these men are caught between the old ways and the new, not fully belonging to either. But there are men spending time in the library and doing serious work. A group living together at 102nd Street asked Avery Dulles [the scholarly theologian and son of John Foster Dulles] to move in with them and direct them in a concentrated reading of eight more major theologians this year. It has been a great success. We ar-

"... Most Jesuits find something to enjoy in the West Side environment and think it as good a place as any to be reborn ..."

ranged credit for them and they have made that their entire year's course, thinking and praying together on the texts they read." But I thought the academic and religious aspects of Woodstock had been separated? "Administratively. They cannot be separated personally. What the administrative separation does is give men freedom to adjust and experiment. Each of the apartment complexes has a different style, draws a different type. The studious are (as a group) at places like 102nd Street with Avery, or in Reed House. The activists are at 98th Street. Those who want to live in a house all made up of Jesuits can go to 107th Street (a building, bought from the diocese, that used to house priests on the faculty of Cathedral High School). We want all these experiments to go on. Religious life is changing very rapidly. We don't know, yet, what will work. But we have a better chance to survive, the more options we keep open."

I mention the bad name Woodstock is supposed to have in other Jesuit provinces: superiors do not want to send their young men here because the life is too free in style, high in cost, and full of dangers—danger that the men will like the city, and not come back; or dislike it, and leave the order; or be unable to readjust to the conventional Jesuit residence again. "The conventional Jesuit residence is ceasing to exist," Father Mooney says. "Even where it does exist, young men are not staying there—in our colleges, for instance—but going off-campus to rent apartments like other members of the faculty. Like our students here. After all, by the time our men reach theology they are nearly 30 years old. They can't be treated as children any more. That's why each student here has his own checking account; he gets monthly pay, a room, some services, a good library, a choice of courses from our own faculty or at Union—then he is on his own, to sink or swim. If he cannot take the new style of religious life, it is time we all found that out." (The bank accounts are a great innovation for seminarians trained to old concepts of the vow of poverty. Back in Maryland, all money, even down to carfare, was handled by a single "Father Minister." The FBI recently looked into the whereabouts of Joe O'Rourke and his friends on the night when documents were stolen from the Bureau's office in Media, Pennsylvania. Catholic agents, once familiar with Jesuit ways at schools like Fordham and Georgetown, went to the Minister at 98th Street, Father Bob Curry, and asked whether the students had left New York or had the funds for travel. When Father Curry answered, to all these questions, that he did not know, the agents looked puzzled and not entirely convinced.)

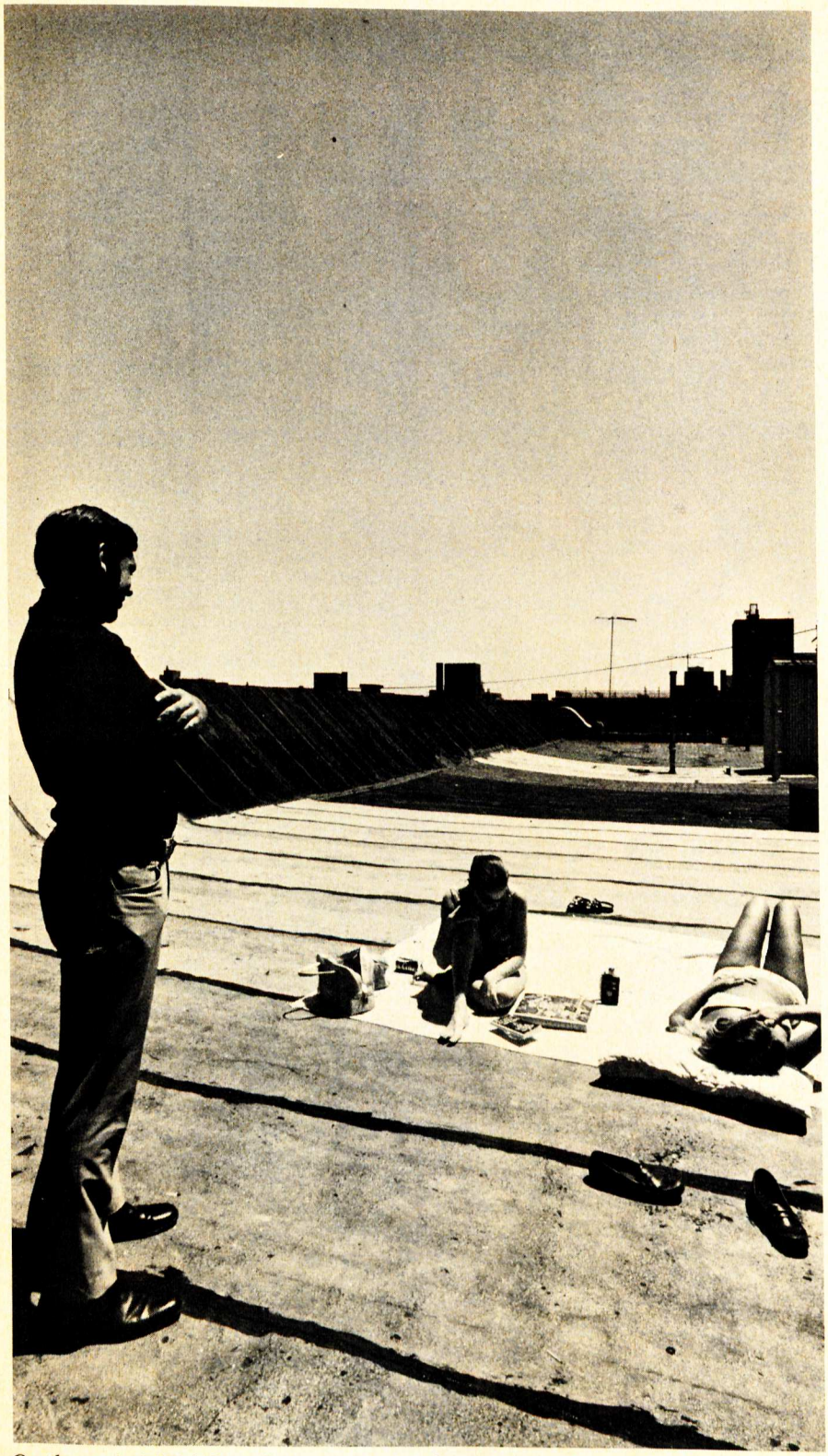
Father Mooney realizes that Woodstock cannot remain a theologate of the sort it has been in the past—for one thing, academic theology of a solid sort is now being taught from the outset of a Jesuit's training, not all segregated off at the end. "Perhaps only graduate students who want to get their doctorate in theology will come to Woodstock in the future. We may become just a graduate school, or a research institute, or a theological school for laymen, or for non-Jesuit priests as well as Jesuit—or a combination of several of these things. We had to become smaller in any event. This is forcing on us a return to the original concept of the order; there has been a terrific revival of Ignatian spirituality. Joe Whelan, who just finished his graduate work in England, is a student of ascetical theology, with an emphasis on Ignatius. He offered a course in prayer last year, and thought only a few people would sign up—more stuff on *prayer* after all these years in the order? But nearly a third of the students registered and stayed with it, and were very enthusiastic about the course. We are giving and taking Ignatius' Spiritual Exercises again in their original form—one man receiving them, under one director. Perhaps half the priests ordained this year decided to prepare for ordination by making the Exercises. Ignatius did not have in mind a large institutional order, but a small mobile group of intense men."

Father Mooney invited me over to dinner with his community the next night —at 125th Street, in the apartment building for Columbia faculty. The apartments are commodious and modern, with large windows looking across the Hudson to the Palisades. A group of the Woodstock faculty, priests in inconspicuous business suits, gathers around a simple stone altar in the shared apartment-suite for a 5:30 liturgy—scripture reading, reflection, a communal eucharistic celebration. Then they move into a frilly Spanish lounge (designed by the same man who did the Gang Plank) for cocktails. Father Joe Whelan, young and laughing, the man with the popular course on prayer, mixes *The Spiritual Exercises* with *Antony and Cleopatra* in discussing love; then he and Mooney compare Teilhard and Ignatius. The catered meal is adequate. Discussion centers on Joe O'Rourke, who was in the day's *Times* as the leader of the Berrigan defense committee at Leonard Bernstein's Catholic Chic Party (successor to his evening with the Panthers).

After dinner, Father Mooney offers to show me the library. That involves leaving the building, which has at nightfall been turned into a garrison. "During the day we can get to 125th Street through the garage, but there is only one way in at night"—heavily guarded. This is the northernmost point (and then a bit some) of the fashionably shabby West Side; from here on things get plain shabby. The university's apartment building is itself a type of the self-aggravating problems to be faced in the city. How to attract men with young wives and children to teach on the edge of Harlem?—well, offer them good housing, well-lit and guarded, with an enclosed playground and a good security force. Yet, if you do that, you have placed another provocative symbol of enclosed affluence between Columbia and its environs. It is a vicious circle—like the problems of the Jesuits. If things are coming apart, "seek options"—which means scatter and spread yourselves; which means coming apart. We go down the smooth elevators, past the guards and their phones, out the glass doors. The brightly lit wheels of Palisades Park are spinning garishly in the night.

It is a long route round the block—off Riverside via Tiemann Place, then duck under the El past taxis shooting the roller-coaster dip Broadway takes here—to the library, again a place locked and guarded. We ring, and a lay brother takes us around the physical treasure of Woodstock (it had a whole building to itself in Maryland)—rows on rows of rare Bellarmine in the shiny-horn old bindings.

Back outside, it is beginning to rain. We stand under the El, across from a Puerto Rican shop full of religious gewgaws, talking of religion's changing style. "It is especially hard on the old," Mooney reflects; he has stories of older Jesuits now souring in their community dining halls while the young ones go out, flouting sacred customs, go out and do not come back. He is talking with regret and sympathy, without the cheery dentist's manner that does not do justice to him: "The other day an old nun told me of her convent, 'This is not the order I joined.' That's true, and one feels sorry



On the roof of "98th Street": young priest and two other residents take the summer sun.

for her. But after all, this is not the world we were born into."

And there's the point: however sweet the nun, hers was a sweet presumptuousness, a naïve unearthly arrogance not easily matched, the hope that by entering the convent she could stop time, step outside it, escape; that the order would never change, once she joined, and the church she had found in childhood would always be the same. "This is not the order I joined" —it was said, amazingly, in recrimination; what *right* had the order to change? It is as if I should look at my ten-year-old son and attack him: "You are not the nine-pound infant I brought home from the hospital."

The nun thought she could cheat time, because others like her had done it in the past—but at a cost. Her order, her church, idled and grew brittle, so fragile that a question, any question, could shake it to earth. There could be no motion, because no change; no living because no dying—only "living, and partly living." One does not ease oneself into life, or into change (as facile celebrators of Vatican II thought their church could do). One lives, if at all, by parturition, the pangs and sundering; by successive resurrections, life out of death. Death to the past. The death involved in deciding, in moving, parting, breaking ties, breaking the mold. The Catholic Church had not known death; and now, to know life, it has a lot of dying to catch up on. "We all owe God a death"? No, many deaths; and the old nuns, priests, orders—sweet and childlike; how we wanted them to be exempt from that law, be exceptions even if we could not be—have their own dying to do now.

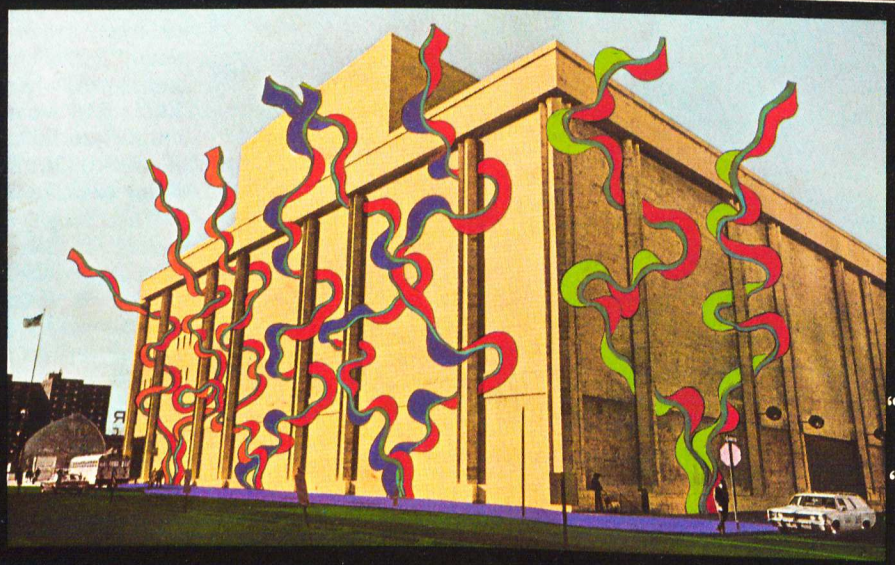
The Society of Jesus is not, any more, the same order that even the youngest Jesuits joined. Woodstock College is shaken, in anguish and exhilaration, by men discovering that fact at various stages of their lives (or part-lives, or dying lives), discovering it with despair or hope, feeling cheated, or feeling freed from the illusion's cheat. Not all the sounds are of disintegration, though all may sound like it. Some are trapped sounds of life being let out and paying its dues, life rising from death—the "vocation" living through the institution's death, the individual through the vocation's death, others strengthened as some fall (strengthened to stay by those who leave, strengthened to leave by those who stay). Woodstock is not only battered from the outside by history, but crumbling by the very throb of its own energies, as in Hart Crane's poem:

The bells, I say, the bells break
down their tower;
And swing I know not where . . .

Standing under the El, talking in the rain with one who stayed, I asked about the two priests who, more than any others, performed the herculean labor of lifting the whole dead weight out of its slumber in Maryland and flinging it into this sewery living city —but Sponga and Cardegna are, neither of them, Jesuits any more. Sponga left the order while the move was still being made, Cardegna only after he had accomplished it. A brilliant moral theologian on the faculty left just after Cardegna. Another man we had talked with at dinner in the building behind us was about to leave, and there are rumors of more going, as Mooney knows. There is still a lot of dying to be done. ▬

FACE-LIFTING NEW YORK

A Cosmetological Approach to Brightening Up Some of New York's Tired Old Landmarks



When Lincoln Center opened, it was hailed as one of the finest packages for culture ever designed. "That's fine," says Barbara Nessim, "but how can you have a package without ribbons?"

If group sex and Monopoly have begun to pall, there's another parlor game you might try one of these hot summer nights: how about redesigning New York City? Everybody seems to be doing it. Architects and city planners, of course, are going at it quite vigorously. In our April 12 issue we ran some sketches of Fifth Avenue in its future glory and, on July 19, draftsmen's attempts to turn New York into a new Venice. Well, here we go again.

This week's tack started in *New York*'s parlor with a few of us keening over the sorry look of some local landmarks, and we asked Peter Blake, architect and Cityscape columnist, to select a few candidates for a face lift. Then *New York* asked a group of artists to turn their whimsies loose, to bring a new look to a tired site. The results will be found on the next few pages. Some artists have solved the problem by trying to distract attention from a building's basic fault. (Note, for example, James McMullan's valiant attempt to pretend that Huntington Hartford's New York Cultural Center simply isn't there.) Others have tried to redesign a building to accord with its function or tenant (as with David Wilcox's redesign of the public library as a bookshelf). This latter approach could produce some intriguing by-products. Suppose, for example, Lever House were rebuilt as an enormous box of soapflakes. And then, suppose there came a rainstorm, with a high wind, and Park Avenue got turned into an enormous bubble-bath . . .

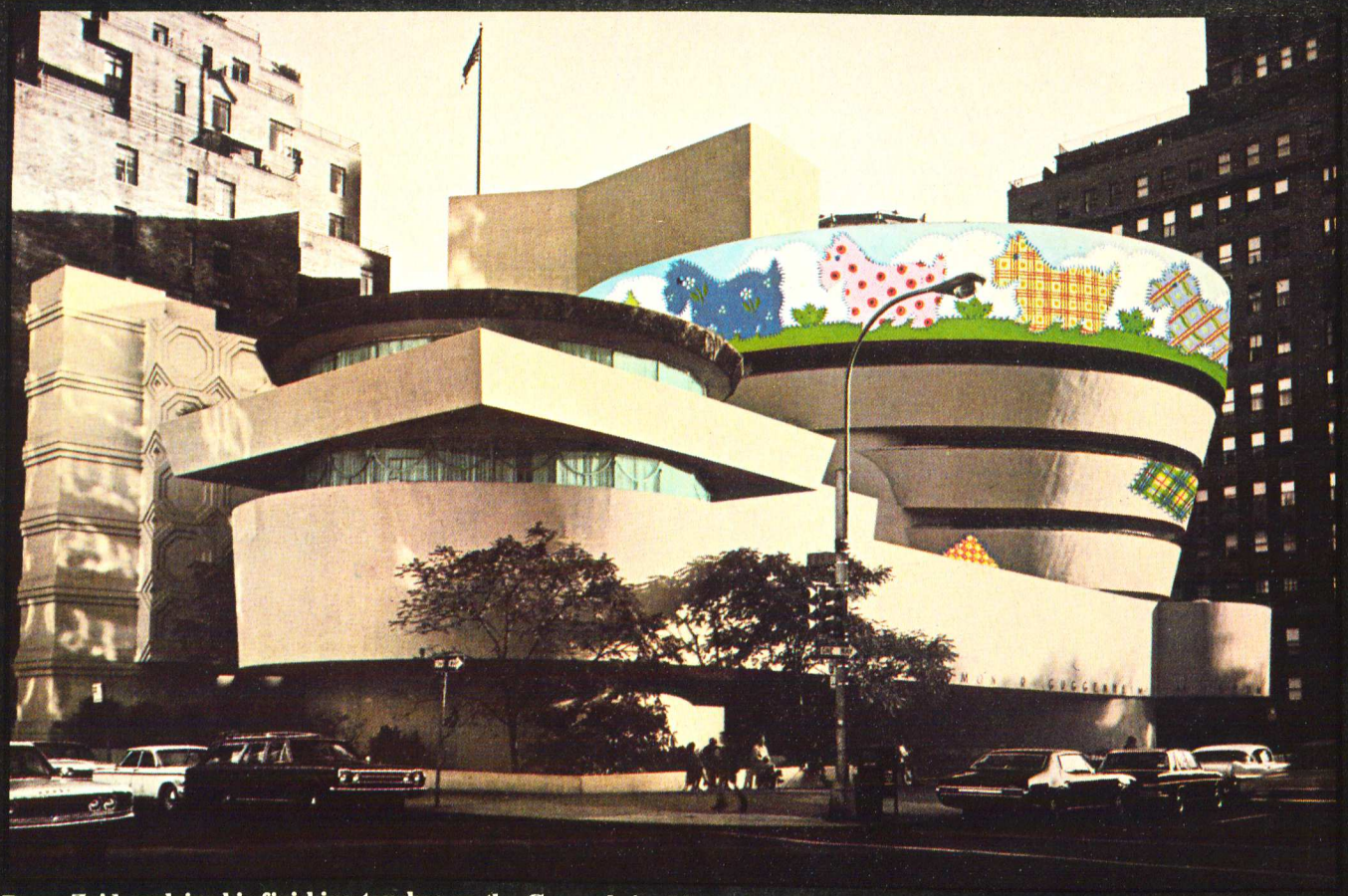
The drawing boards have produced. Now it's engineering's baby.

"The trouble with the UN Buildings," says Seymour Chwast, "is that they're cold. All that sterile frontage says that there's no love there." To make amends, Chwast contributes a love goddess.

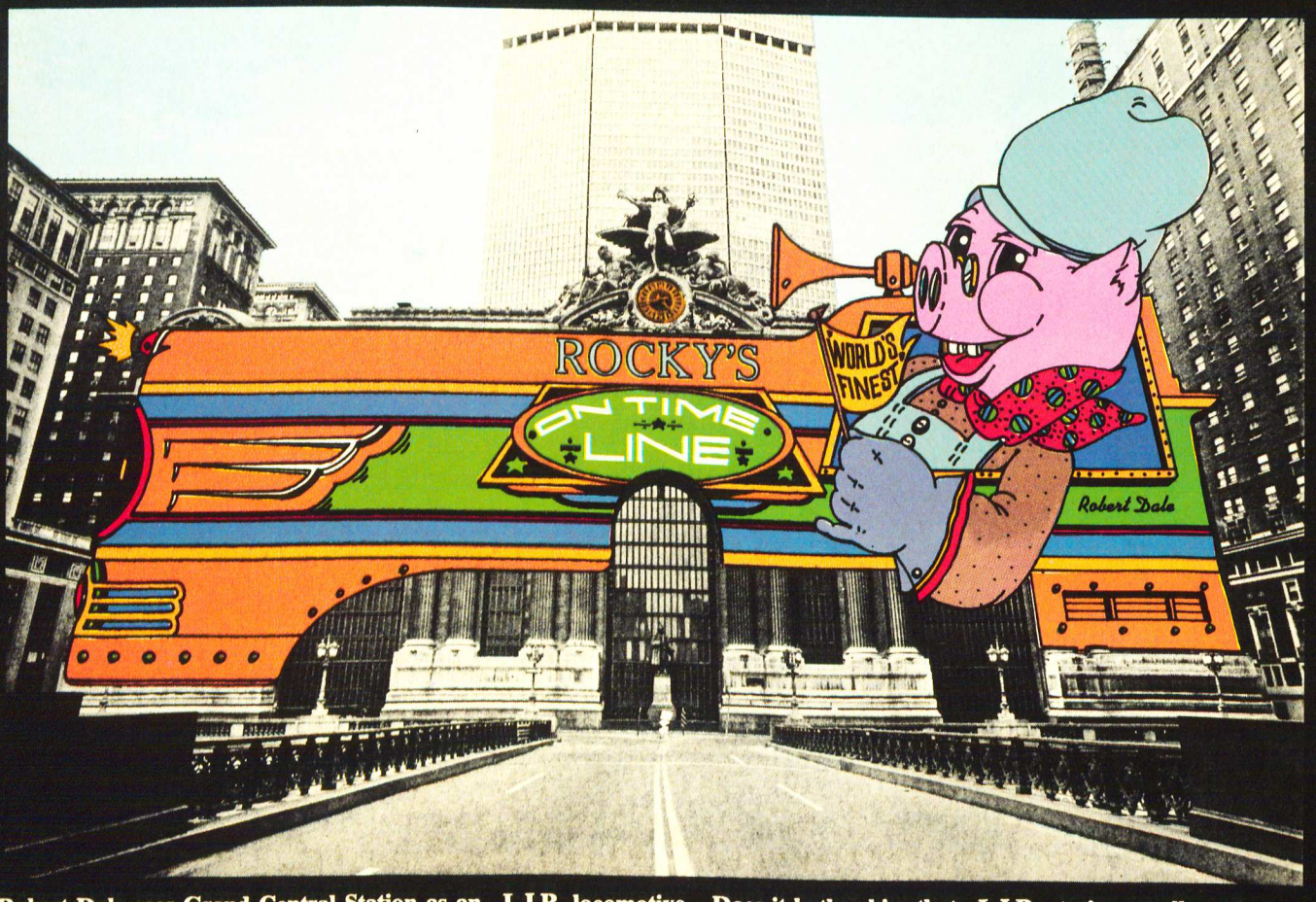
Robert Schulenberg didn't touch City Hall itself, but redesigned the setting instead. "I wish none of it were there except for the old buildings—the way it was when it was first built a century ago."

Every building, according to Rochelle Udell, should look like what it is. "Take the McBurney YMCA on 23rd Street," she says. "It should look organic. What could be more organic for a Y than hair and sweat?"

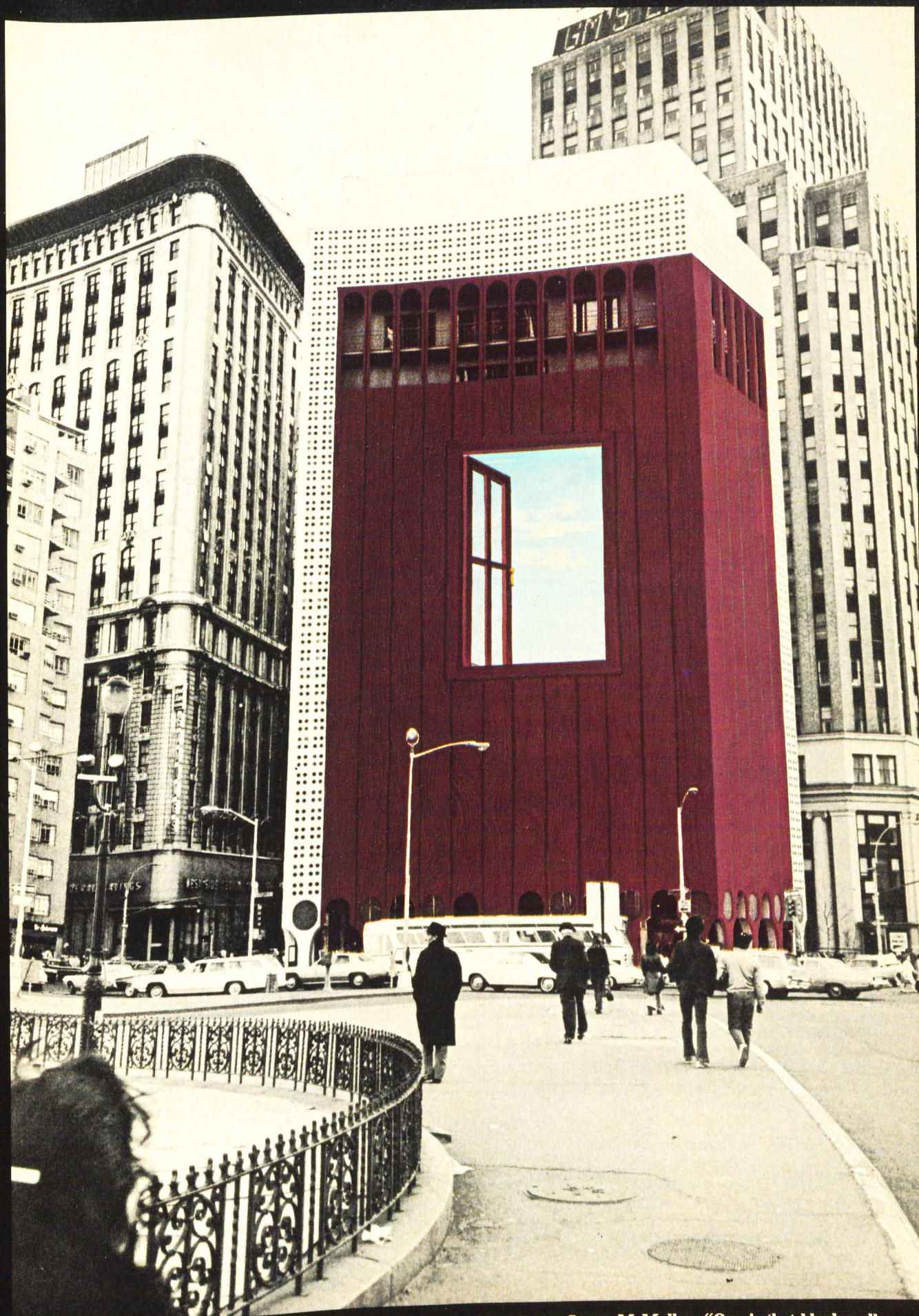
"The trouble with the Public Library," says David Wilcox, "is that it looks more like a museum than a library. So I tried to make it look more like a library, with everything in it from A to Z."



Barry Zaid explains his finishing touches on the Guggenheim Museum as follows: "I like Scottie dogs a lot. I don't see why there aren't more buildings in New York with Scottie dogs. They're very thirties."



Robert Dale sees Grand Central Station as an L.I.R. locomotive. Does it bother him that L.I.R. trains usually end up at Penn Station? "Not at all," says Dale. "The trains may run on time, but they often get lost."



"Two things depress me most about the New York Cultural Center," says James McMullan. "One is that blank wall facing the park. The other is the mass of ugly buildings behind it. I got rid of them both."

Will New York Buy Heels With Soul?

By Julie Baumgold

"...This fall, after two years of spat boots, Flagg Brothers will put high heels on half their shoes—$20-million worth..."

Mr. Silk struts along 42nd Street in his high-heeled shoes. Three fat inches of blue high heel clunk through a snarl of butts and crusts and Jesus leaflets. The shoe makes small sidewalk bomps.

The pains in Mr. Silk's ankles and calves have subsided and he feels tough. His shoes are blue-and-walnut potato-toed oxfords with carmine laces. The three-inch heel is very deliberately blue so everyone will know it is a Super Maxi. Inside, his foot arches up small and neat.

Rob Cochran and his shoemen are going down 42nd Street from the other direction studying shoe windows the way other men are examining the broiling action of Tad's Flamesteaks. Cochran is the 33-year-old president of the 200 shoe stores in the Flagg Brothers chain and the man precisely responsible for Mr. Silk's high heels. This fall he will put over $20-million worth of men's shoes on high heels.

The collision is inevitable. Because, despite the fact that he is dressed like a Cafe Flore *flâneur*, Rob Cochran has just the face Mr. Silk is looking for—the standard Tennessee sucker face. Only a sixteen-year-old version. When Mr. Silk sees someone with that face he clicks open a red leatherette jewelry box that he has cupped in his hands and presents—snap—a hot diamond ring on the plush pillows. No? Well, how about—snap—a big-daddy gold watch. No? He closes the cases and he's off making his two sounds—the boxes clicking and the high heels bomping, putting a little hip-rotation sass into his retreat.

Men in high heels have been a fact since the tiny Roi Soleil hobbled through his smelly halls in high-heeled slippers with big flat candybox bows at the throat. In the seventeenth century high heels would be part of the *gratte-pieds* greeting in which one stuck out the right foot and pointed it and the foot scraped to the rear while the right hand swept the plumed hat from the head and then both hands swept back and the man bowed. High heels continued deep into the eighteenth century, through Frederick the Great and Louis XVI, cunningly preserved in these pictures of chamber musicians perched on the gilt chairs, all with their little toes pointed out.

Heels started with the shortest men—the Spanish grandees who brought heels to the Mexicans and then the Tex-Mexes and finally the Texas cowboys, who, according to designer John Weitz, now wear them only for dress and walk around on them "like a girl finding her way to a date in the Biltmore in 1951 walking as if she had a heavy rash between her legs—that fungoid walk..."

In achingly colored brogues Italian high heels sold out in the East Sixties stores last February. Tom Jones dances and grunts in them. Sammy Davis has already given them up. Dennis Hopper directs from the hauteur of cowboy heels. Flagg Brothers, knowing that shoes run in three-year cycles, are, after two years of spat boots, putting high heels on well over half their shoes, including their top five models for fall.

Cochran has been watching high heels since they first appeared in the Chelsea Cobbler windows two years ago in London. He knew then they would happen. But it was boots that first made the idea possible; first Flagg's own 1962 Beatle boot with its stubby Cuban heel and winkle picker toes, and ultimately the Frye boot, an old cavalry boot pattern which the John A. Frye Co. revived in natural oil-soaked leather with a blunt toe and high Western stacked heel. At first only the young and aimless bought them, but ultimately they became what *Playboy* fashion director Robert L. Green classifies as a "freedom feeding" cushion in that the young executive who had to dress a certain way could wear his high-heeled boots quietly under his trouser legs and know he was not completely dominated by the system.

Long before this, in Chicago, Flagg salesmen noticed black and Italian guys doubling and tripling the lifts on one of the Flagg boots. Flagg persuaded its manufacturers and introduced a high-heel-model shoe. It sold to the Detroit and Chicago blacks—supposedly, according to Cochran, because it made the foot look smaller, and that appealed to black men.

"They wear heels to challenge you to challenge them—like bumping you on the street," says Weitz. Heels became the Gucci slip-on of pimpdom. While the high-assed, high-haired girls strode out in those white gladiator sandals, their pimps and easy riders bomped along in heels. And there were sheen and sharpness evermore in the underworld.

High-heels are now quite simply the biggest-selling shoe in the Negro market. And it is blacks who buy the most shoes. Heels have already started to spread out from the black market to the second striation of hipdom. College Shoe Rebuilder on East 53rd Street gets about ten requests a week to build up heels. Recently a man was in there who was paying $40 to have his red-and-yellow blucher monsters built up over three inches while another man, hobbled and chastened by the pain his high heels had caused

Photographed by Ryszard Horowitz

The Huntz Hall*: rust suede and leather highly perforated with wide laces. McCreedy, and Schreiber/$39.95

The Henry Kissinger*: black-and-white spectators so named for inscrutable reasons. Might normally be found under a lamppost worn by man with black comb in his left rear pocket who is doing private business. Flagg/$14.99

Fat Red Mother*: red with silver stars and one silver cloud. Granny Takes a Trip/$80

The Joe Cocker Twitch*: pink-and-purple spectators with multicolored laces and natural stacked heel. Juju Boutique/$55

**Our names; their shoes.*

"... Some of the heels are so glory-stomper Skinhead mean and heavy that they bear a whiff of insecurity about them ..."

him, was bringing in his black patent Bostonians. There was this thing about heels. The new heels really had little to do with height in the desperate and secret Adler Elevator stuffing-the-boot-with-sock-wads mood. After all, according to Cochran, Puerto Ricans weren't buying them and they were shorter than blacks. And there was nothing secret about the intentions of these shoes, not when Flagg was doing them with contrasting-color heels that would advertise themselves.

Though Robert Green says some men will wear them because they're the closest thing to drag ("If you wore your Capezios you'd really be in trouble"), they do not look at all effeminate. Indeed, some of them are so knobby and fat-toed, so glory-stomper Skinhead mean and heavy, that they might be said to bear a certain whiff of insecurity about them.

The new heels are definitely giving a feeling of toughness. Gowan Johnson, a 6-foot (without heels) vice president of Flagg, walks around Nashville in his short-sleeved shirt, rep tie, plain short black socks under these tiny shiny tan Beverly Hills high-heel boutique booties that pitch him forward and change his posture, and he says, "You feel more masculine and tough." Cochran agrees. "You feel like going out and kicking the car."

Another fascination is the sound they make. The José Greco castanet heel factor. The principle behind the hard leather heels that British soldiers—and *Gauleiters*—wore to hear themselves and make their presence known. If you could hear yourself you really were there, like the obligatory horror movie stalk scenes when the victim is walking home under a series of desolate lampposts with the black mist wrapping around his ankles and the music gets louder and there is a rustling breathing sound in the bushes and there is no way in the universe that that poor creature will make it to the end of the road and suddenly the heel sounds stop. . . .

Cochran sensed all these high-heel currents from the twanging heart of Nashville where he has electronic fingers on the ethnic pulse of the country.

He knows that blacks buy the knobby potato toes and Puerto Ricans will buy the less bulbous cube toes and the Jews of Green Acres and Hicksville and Smithtown, Long Island, buy stitchdowns (soft shoes with the white stitching showing around the toe) and both Jews and Italians, being conservative, buy the most dress shoes. The Italians of Myrtle Avenue in Brooklyn buy almost exactly like the Jews of Valley Stream and Kings Highway (only 5 per cent high heels to 71 per cent in Detroit and Chicago's black areas). Puerto Ricans, who traditionally bought only very heavy shoes, are now buying Flagg's red, white and blue striped and starred white Mr. America shoes which have replaced sandals as the most important summer shoe.

All this information comes in stacks of IBM computer print-outs which on Tuesdays are carried over the pigeon-gray linoleum of the Company Store—Genesco Park—the conglomerate built on shoes (General Shoe Corporation) and the Baptist genius of Maxey Jarman, whose father, it is rumored, heard the voice of the Lord speaking through the Gideon Bible in his motel room calling him to Shoes. The paperwork is carried into cells full of Genesco presidents and vice presidents, all of whom know that if the figures are good enough in five years they will be removed from their cells and given bigger companies and more responsibility and things will shift like ocean-floor silt . . . They go into cells like Rob Cochran's with its red six-foot python skin and the company bowling trophy and the framed Stuart Davis, Frank Stella, Ellsworth Kelly, and, as he says, "Victor Vasarely."

All the drawers are empty in Rob Cochran's desk. He pulls them out and there is only a bottle of cologne and an old road map. The filing cabinet is also empty. "This is just a big shell," he says. Cochran runs his business from a looseleaf containing about ten sheets of figures. His secretary brings in a paper which he looks at and crumples up:

"Someone's got it all under control. There had to be an original to make this copy. Past history is not important; you must make people think towards what is going to happen and you can't tell from saving a lot of crap."

Empty drawers and no sound. You think the secretary must be holding all the calls but there just aren't any calls. The phone never rings all day. It is very quiet at Genesco Park and the air-conditioned breeze ruffles the plastic hall trees like a congregation whispering amen. Progress, amen. Hush.

Cochran, here, is indeed likely to say "Victor Vasarely" instead of "Vasarely" and he says "Eyetalian" and "Plaza Atheenee." After all, he graduated as an engineer from Virginia Military Institute, where the cadets still sing about how they wish they were in the land of cotton 'cause old times there are not forgotten. But Flagg's sales have jumped 30 per cent in the past year, and except for a minor problem with some slow-moving sandals, they haven't run a sale in two and a half years and Cochran vindicates the idea that prevailed when he came to Genesco, the idea of taking men with technical skills and teaching them the merchandising art rather than the reverse. In 1969, when Flagg's president retired, they passed over three vice presidents for Rob, who had been with the company just three years. What's more, he and Gowan and Hiram Harris and the other Tennessee squares have the feeling—they are on that One World fashion current so that in New York a man gets a feeling for shoes so thin and soft that the bones of the foot will show and Flagg is working on it already; or he knows that China will influence furniture and clothes. They travel to learn the rest—to learn that men in France and London have been cutting their hair shorter and such.

From these offices Flagg produces a new look a day—patchwork, silver, mottled and splotched leather. Mr. Americas come from a brain here in American-flag country, as do back-to-nature waffle-stompers, the white shoe with the three side stripes in the green of the Ecology Day flag; Pole Climbers, the massive loggers' boots that the Coast Bikers buy, and the brown-and-white patent "Death in Venice" shoes. There are blue suedes again and nature greens.

"A lot of people are too wound up in their contemporaries in the field. We can do better because we live out here," says Cochran. After all, according to him, design is a round trip. St. Laurent and Valentino are not getting their designs out of Paris and Rome. No—leather fringe, his own Cardin shirt with its long collar and long two-button stretch of cuffs, the Chelsea Cobbler high-heeled boots—are all American Western ideas which they brought to Europe and buyers brought back here. Like hot pants and taps that came from American musicals to Paris to New York or Vietnam—that rich jungle source for the St. Tropez nymphs who wear blood-stained American uniforms with the letters from home still in the pockets. What American is to the designers, travel is to Rob and Gowan. They cull the world for sandals from Bombay, antique shoes, Japanese clogs, pink canvas men's heels, shoes with wings like

Mr. Freedom's "Desperate Dans and the Flying Monsters."

Cochran just slings on his custom shoulder-strap suitcase and takes off once a week, staying a day in each place. He is international enough to get his haircuts at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, and he travels so casually that his two daughters don't even expect presents when he gets home. He learns a city by never eating in the same place twice. His is a truly full New York —rich with the small secret places and the best days for certain restaurants and a knowledge of the flow of the crowds he watches for ideas. Some rube.

He stays at the Dorset. With Gowan and leather manufacturer Ken Purdy, Cochran, in for the day, tours the stores looking first in the nose (the key front corners) of the shoestore windows discussing mocks and bluchers and bows and bumptoes. They move up 54th Street to Madison and Nunn Bush, Vanguard; east, past Belgian Shoes to McCreedy & Schreiber, the Brass Boot, London Character, Alexander's, Al di La, Jacomonte, the Different Drummer. Cochran talks about the Third Avenue and 60th Street area where Flagg recently located in the belief it would be the new Times Square. He thinks Third is not yet the retail street that Lexington Avenue is, but it will be in four or five years. He is also watching East 86th Street near the new Gimbels, West 98th with Alexander's, and Broadway and 72nd, which is getting exposure but lacks a major anchor.

Over on Madison he looks at Bally, then on Fifth passes the Autopub, which he finds an architectural disaster, built without consideration for the fact that people don't like to go up and down steps. He is now in chrome curve turf, where Gucci has replaced the old square I. Miller, and he remarks on the new trend of built-in pillars to break the window into sections. They pass "Charley Jourdan," as they call it, every once in a while one of them pausing to skate his hand out flat and say "smooooooth." At Sixth they skim by Florsheim and Bostonian and then it's over to Broadway where between 46th and 52nd—"Alligator Alley"—there are places like the City Squire, where they make the shoes to wear with the Lew Magram waterfall-ruffle shirts and Cye Martin opalescently gleaming suits so that James Brown and Frankie Avalon, Little Anthony and the Imperials will not appear bereft of class up on stage.

And the men with the pin-striped Cadillacs won't let their end down.

They buy a shoe to knock off from Florsheim and then cross the street to 46th and Broadway, where Flagg's blue sign lights up red and yellow and white Broadway nights. They go along 46th, where Cochran explains his theory that because they are building office high rises on Sixth it will force the retailers onto the side streets and people will stroll east-west on 46th instead of 42nd.

They walk west on 42nd past all the stores that name their clothes; John Hardy, another Genesco division that knocks off Flagg Brothers; Thom McAn (Flagg's biggest competitor), Regal, and Adler. In Flagg 42nd a man in a Dior tie is trying on high heels.

In the Village at Sixth and Carmine Streets they stop at Bloom's, a minuscule cluttered store that once shipped a pair of size 10½s to Mrs. Kennedy in the White House and which probably has the most advanced designs in the city. Mr. Bloom shows Cochran some heels: "That's Da Shlepper . . . and here, the Shmatte, and this one's the Tsucruchnner . . ." and Rob Cochran doesn't understand. Not a word. And it doesn't matter, not a bit. ■

The Sid Davidoff Dancing Slipper*: black-and-gray with maroon laces; aimed more or less at the fancyman market. Flagg/$13.99

The Evel Knievel Greaser*: brown mottled disaster-area leather with monk straps and wedgie heels. Flagg/$14.99

**Our names; their shoes.*

Bernie Cornfeld Had a Great Fall

By Charles Raw, Bruce Page and Godfrey Hodgson

"... Even Cornfeld's most naïve admirers might not have taken him seriously if they had known the truth about his business ..."

It was Bernard Cornfeld's declared ambition to make Investors Overseas Services the most important economic force in the Free World.

The game was mutual funds. Thousands of salesmen, calling themselves "financial counselors," combed the earth for people's savings, and put them into the funds which IOS managed, creaming off enough in the process to make the most successful of them wealthy men.

Mutual funds in themselves are an old well-tried form of investment. A special variant was that IOS was the biggest and best-known of the "offshore" funds. That meant that these funds, and the companies that managed them, were carefully registered and domiciled wherever in the world they would most avoid taxation and regulation. There was nothing new about that either.

What was phenomenal about IOS was its success. On the foundation of its offshore mutual funds it built up a complex of banks, insurance companies, real-estate promotions, and every other kind of financial institution you can think of. "Total Financial Service" was the slogan. By the end of the 1960s, Cornfeld's men had a shade under $2.5 billion of other people's money to manage, and Cornfeld was publicly announcing plans to push that to $15 billion by the mid-1970s.

By the end of the 1960s, IOS had also made a fortune valued at over $100-million for Bernard Cornfeld personally. It had made around a hundred of his associates millionaires as well. Cornfeld was the most talked-about financier in Europe since the Great Depression, and IOS was insistently—and on the whole successfully—asserting the right to sit at the golden table of the world's most respectable financial institutions.

The only trouble was that IOS was not a respectable financial institution. It was an international swindle.

That is not a word which should be used lightly about any organization, let alone one which acquired control over more than $2.5 billion of other people's money. We must, therefore, explain precisely what we mean by it.

IOS was the creation of Bernard Cornfeld and Edward M. Cowett. Together these two men built up an organization so steeped in financial and intellectual dishonesty and directed so recklessly that it was absurd that it should have been entrusted with so much of other people's money, let alone praised for the brilliance with which it was managed.

The organization which they built up has not, of course, disappeared without a trace, although the two men no longer have any say in it. At the time this is being written, men sit on the board of IOS Ltd. in Geneva who are responsible for safeguarding well over a billion dollars—which is what remains of the money that hundreds of thousands of investors were induced to part with. And of course IOS did a great deal of business which was perfectly honest in itself, and continues to do so. We have talked to many of the people who work for IOS, and there were a lot of decent, even idealistic, people among them. Few were aware of the essential dishonesty of the thing they worked for.

Most people have a good deal of difficulty in accepting the idea that a large and well-publicized international business could have been run in such a manner. "It can't be true," is the natural reaction, "because if it was true, how did they get away with it?" There are many answers to that question.

Charles Dickens suggested one, looking back on the career of the financier in *Little Dorrit*. "The next man," he wrote, "who has as large a capacity for swindling will succeed as well. Pardon me, but I think you have really no idea how the human bees will swarm to the beating of any old tin kettle; in that fact lies the whole manual of governing them. When they can be got to believe that the kettle is made of precious metals, in that power lies the whole power of men like our late lamented." The one thing IOS always did best was to beat the old tin kettle.

But there is another answer to the question why Cornfeld and Cowett were able to create the edifice they did. It can be summed up in the single word "offshore." By working in the interstices, so to speak, between the world's legal jurisdictions and administrative systems, they were able to do with impunity things that would have been illegal had their enterprise been located in any one place. Here are just some of the kinds of misbehavior that IOS committed under Cornfeld and Cowett:

1. Money which they said was held on trust for the customers was used to finance maneuvers for the benefit of IOS itself, its directors and employees, and their friends.

2. At many times, and in many parts of the world, the IOS sales force engaged in illegal currency transactions on a massive scale. Attempts have been made to pretend that this was somehow peripheral to the company's main activities—but as late as 1970 the IOS board still acknowledged in their meetings that important sections of the IOS sales operations were illegal.

3. IOS consistently misrepresented the investment performance of its largest fund, and used the misrepresentation to sell hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of fund shares.

4. The basic nature of the best-known IOS fund, the Fund of Funds, was systematically disguised. It was supposed to offer the investors a diversity of investment advice. For most of the time, it did nothing of the kind—it merely charged its investors a double fee on the pretense of doing so.

5. The customers' money, in the funds, was frequently invested in unmarketable shares, and often in secu-

From the forthcoming book "'Do You Sincerely Want To Be Rich?'" published by Viking Press.
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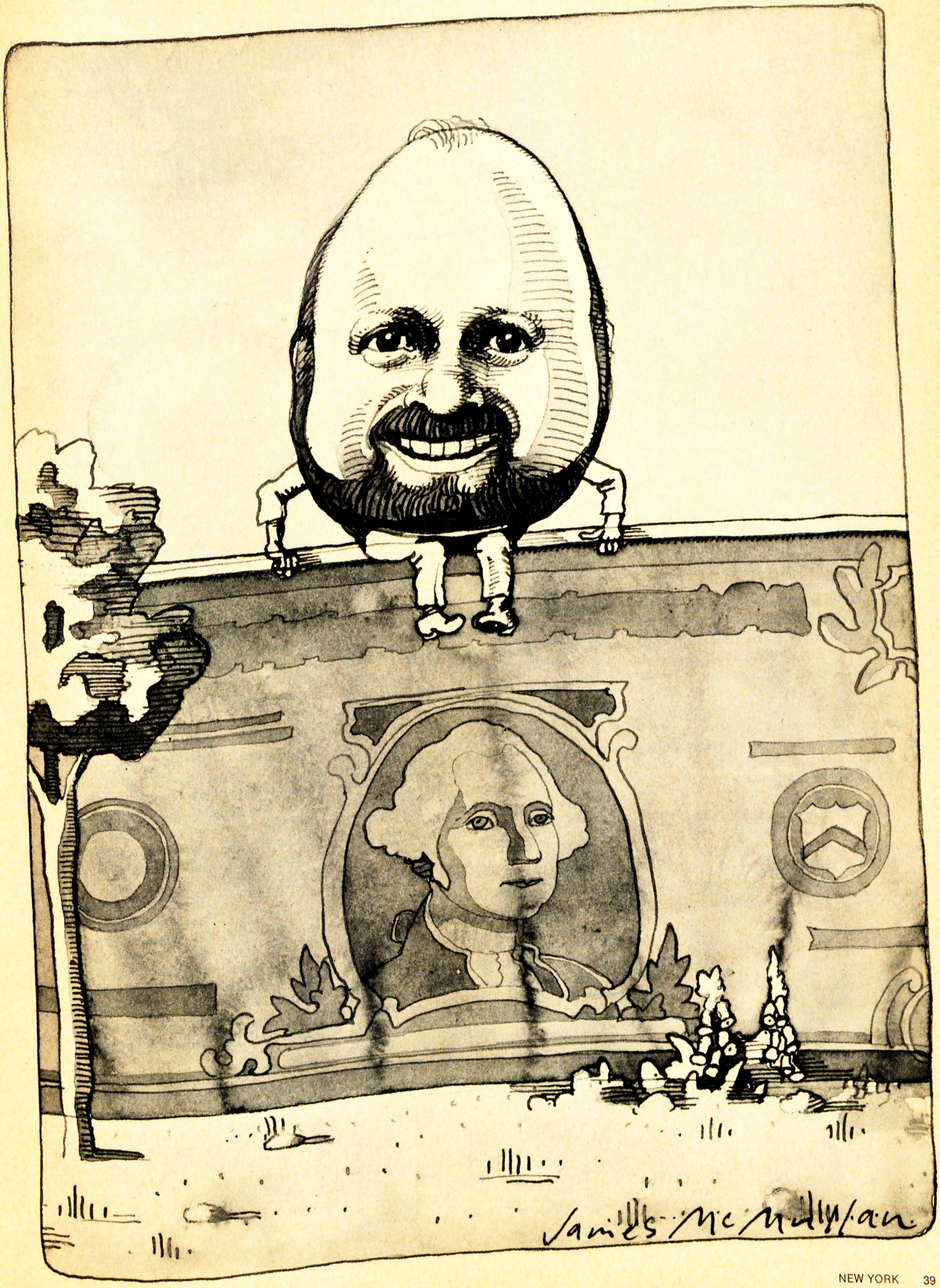
Illustrated by James McMullan


James McMullan

"... IOS was not merely a victim of the market break; because of its size and 'excessive speculation,' it was a cause ..."

rities which IOS was floating for its own profit. There was a series of reckless speculations that culminated in a catastrophic venture into oil and gas exploration rights in the Canadian Arctic.

6. IOS paid itself a fee of nearly $10-million for having "revalued" those Arctic rights. Not only were the grounds for revaluation dubious, but in some cases the interests had not even been earned at the time they were "revalued."

7. As well as selling shares in the funds it managed, IOS eventually sold $100-million worth of its own shares to the public. These shares were sold on the basis of prospectuses which were misleading by reason of omission and misrepresentation.

8. Cash raised in this manner (see 7) from the public was used for the personal benefit of directors of IOS—and in the end the controllers of the company lent to themselves so large a proportion of the company's liquid cash that they brought it to the brink of collapse, and damaged the interests of thousands of their customers.

9. Ed Cowett, who had already left the IOS board after an episode involving financial impropriety, was restored to power and given, by Cornfeld, complete day-to-day control of IOS and its system of banks and investment funds.

Bad as the particular items in this short summary of IOS's misdeeds are, they are only individual instances of a general proposition: IOS pretended to be creating wealth for the many when it was really making money for the few.

In the first week of February, 1970, Cornfeld flew to New York to be the principal speaker at a conference organized by a periodical called *The Institutional Investor*. The invitation was a remarkable enough accolade in itself: the use Cornfeld chose to put it to was a breathtaking illustration of his nerve.

The setting was New York, the true test and only stage for success in Bernard Cornfeld's world. He had first come to the city as a child from Turkey in 1931. He was nearly 30 when he left to seek his fortune in Europe. It had been one of the proudest moments of his life when he came back to New York in 1960 as a rich man, and the New York papers interviewed him as the latest verification of the American dream. Making it in New York, he told reporters then, was what counted. But in 1967 he had been banished from New York. Or rather, while he himself could go there as often as he liked and could cut a flamboyant figure in the East Side discotheques, his firm was banned from doing business there by order of the Securities and Exchange Commission, because of certain irregularities and deceptions. Now he was back in New York again, and with the financial community literally at his feet.

The "institutional investors" who gathered to hear Cornfeld on February 4 included men, and some women, who were collectively responsible for managing tens of billions of dollars of other people's money entrusted to the insurance companies, pension funds, and mutual funds which they advised on investment. But where the word "institution" in New York, in a financial sense, had once carried connotations of staid conservatism, by 1970 many "institutional" investment professionals were committed to "aggressivity," "performance," and the other slogans and catchwords of the peak market years. Risks which had seemed daunting ten years or even five years earlier now seemed commonplace. For twenty years, share prices on Wall Street and indeed on most other exchanges in the world had risen with only brief interruptions, and there was a growing confidence that they would go on rising forever. "These guys," reflected one old Wall Street reporter, "really thought they had repealed the law of gravity."

By the time Bernard Cornfeld appeared before them, it is true, this professional optimism had been considerably shaken. The market had passed its peak, with the Dow-Jones index a fraction above the magic 1,000 mark, just over a year before; and since then it had fallen by 15 per cent.

That was not, in itself, a disastrous decline. What was more worrisome was that the particular category of stocks on which the institutional professionals had put their main hope of getting the all-important "performance" had begun to slither down faster than the index or the market as a whole. There were the jerry-built "conglomerates," piled up through takeovers mainly paid for with inflated paper. Many of them were collapsing like so many card houses.

Among the more intelligent of Cornfeld's listeners, therefore, there was a sense of unease about the market. But prices had only slipped. They had not yet crashed, and the fashionable attitude was to see what had happened as a minor setback. Few of them seemed to have any serious forebodings about the market; fewer still saw anything fundamentally wrong in the feverish atmosphere and gunslinging techniques of the Great Bull Market which—though a very few were willing to acknowledge it—had now come to an end at last. It was easier to look for scapegoats, and, for this mood, Cornfeld was their man.

With a salesman's flair for divining what an audience wants to hear, Cornfeld wove his speech out of two themes. One was Messianic confidence about the potential glories of the market. And the other was denunciation of the agency which he blamed for the market's immediate difficulties: none other than his old antagonist, the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Short, plump, with a wide mouth, Bernie Cornfeld speaks in private for the most part in an intense whisper. On the platform, his manner is evangelical and his language grandiloquent. "I am convinced," he told *The Institutional Investor*'s conference, "that the American securities business is at the heart of what makes this country vital and dynamic." The years of the bull market, he said, had seen "an extraordinary creative development of new ways of marshaling the money which is the lifeblood of enterprise." He swept on into a passage of prophetic eloquence.

"This is the promise," he declaimed, "that everyone who is willing to work and to save can participate in economic development ... It is also the promise that the dynamism of our economy will result in the knitting together of the shattered bits and pieces of our society ... This is why I am convinced that what is good for the American securities industry is good for the country."

But then he turned to his second, less optimistic, theme. His own company, he predicted, would have $15-billion to invest by 1975. In the past, it had invested overwhelmingly in Wall Street. But now he could give no guarantee that this would continue. "From our vantage point in Europe, we sense a malaise within the investment community here ..."

What was the cause of that malaise? Fear that the market might continue to fall, as it had been falling for about a year? An uneasy recognition that much of the rise in the market in the last years of the boom had been due to reckless speculation in largely worthless paper? Nothing could have been further from Cornfeld's mind. He spoke of the Vietnam war, of the decay of great American cities, of the alienation of the blacks, and of atmospheric pol-

lution. It was not too much to say, Cornfeld thought, that America was in a state of crisis. And it was at this moment that the Securities and Exchange Commission had chosen to make its spring. The SEC, he said, had "adopted the simple device of attacking virtually every sector of earnings in the securities business. And a weak, unprofitable securities business means a weak, unprofitable market." The point had been reached, he said, where "the public interest seems to be the least of all considerations when the Commission moves into action."

It was an inspirational performance, and the audience acclaimed it rapturously. Bernie Cornfeld was playing their tune: happy days are here again, and to hell with the spoilsports from the SEC. Cornfeld had shown that his heart was sound by paying tribute to the social importance and wisdom of his hearers. And had he not proved his worth—while incidentally demonstrating the superiority of American get-up-and-go to the effete European establishment—by accumulating more than $2-billion in assets under his management?

There seems often to be a moment, just before the climax of a great folly, when even the sturdiest skepticism surrenders. Wall Street is not mainly populated by fools, and there were plenty of clever men present to hear Cornfeld's speech who knew what nonsense he was talking. Many of them knew, for example, that while he was denouncing the SEC for not having regulated unregistered securities, his own funds were stuffed with them. Some of them, come to that, had sold them to him. Again, when he talked piously about brokerage commissions, there were plenty who knew that the SEC had caught IOS diverting brokerage on a massive scale—not to the customers, but to themselves, via, on one occasion, a lady named Gloria Martica Clapp, who lived in the Bahamas. In more general terms, few who stopped to think for a second could have seriously accepted the thesis that the SEC was out to destroy the securities business. But when the old tin kettle is drummed hard enough, disbelief is often silent.

In February, 1970, Bernie Cornfeld seemed to stand on a high mountain. He owned more châteaux, town houses, villas, and apartments in the world's capitals than any Rothschild or Esterházy in their high times: a few days before he flew to New York he had just bought his second castle. He owned horses, wild animals, boats, airplanes, cars, fashion houses, and model agencies. He moved incessantly between these luxurious possessions, surrounded by as numerous and pleasure-loving an entourage as a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. And there was something more flattering, and more interesting, about his famous "life-style" than the ordinary spending power of great wealth. He had contrived to recruit, in the envious and egalitarian twentieth century, what amounted to a private army of vassals: his sales force. Many of them were fanatically loyal; and he knew how to keep them that way with a complicated system of lavish gifts, grants of profitable territory, and elaborately structured financial rewards. It was even rumored—and Cornfeld himself did little to scotch such rumors—that he lived in the middle of an adolescent's fantasy of a harem.

But what impressed his admirers in New York was not so much the picturesque surface of Cornfeld's life; it was that it seemed to be solidly built on a golden foundation of money. On one single day the previous summer, investors had poured $30 million into the IOS funds. "The most important economic force in the Free World"? The shrewd thing to say in February, 1970, was that, by God, Cornfeld might just make it.

As it turned out, that was almost the last moment when it would have been shrewd or even sensible to say any such thing. And nobody would have been saying it then, if he had realized the extent of the financial shambles the statesman of People's Capitalism had left behind him in Geneva.

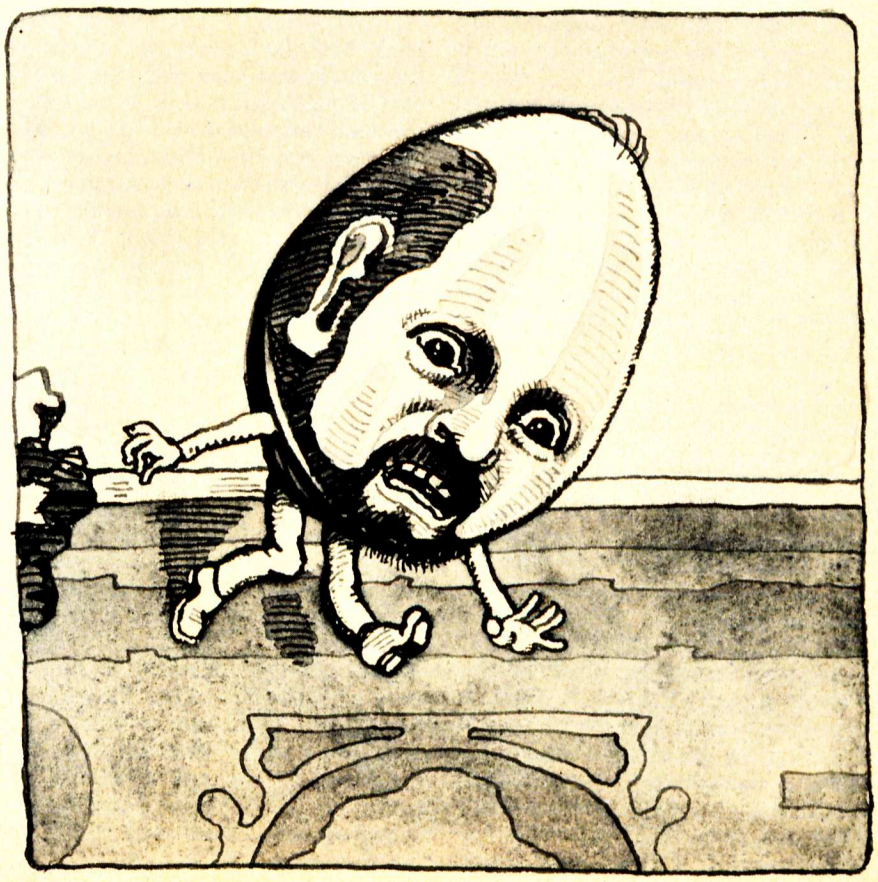
On February 11, just seven days after Cornfeld's speech to the institutional investors, the financial controller of IOS, a young accountant named Melvin Lechner, finished the consolidation of the 1969 accounts for IOS's many subsidiaries and arrived at a tentative total for the company's profits.

Even the least skeptical of Cornfeld's hearers in New York might have been less willing to take him seriously as a prophet and teacher if they had realized the truth about his own business.

The figure that emerged from Lechner's calculations was $17.9 million. That might sound like a lot of money. But Lechner knew that in terms of IOS's expectations, and of the way those expectations had been capitalized in the price of its shares, it was a catastrophe.

Cornfeld had airily predicted profits as high as $30 million. In the end, even Lechner's first figure proved to be a mighty overestimate.

When Lechner had reached and checked his alarming figure, he did not call Cornfeld. For more than a year, Cornfeld had delegated most of the day-to-day management of the business to Ed Cowett, who was at that moment in Tokyo. Slim, cool, a trifle saturnine in appearance, Ed Cowett was now master of detail. As soon as Lechner confided the profit figure to Cowett's assistant, Hal Vaughan, Vaughan called Tokyo and gave Cowett the figure over the phone. Cowett canceled his plans



"...The alternatives were detailed on a blackboard. Under King's offer someone wrote 'Rape'; under Rothschild's, 'Murder.'..."

and was back in Geneva by the following weekend.

Cowett knew perfectly well how serious the situation was. Already, in January, Lechner had been sufficiently worried by the financial trend to have written Cowett a confidential memorandum, describing in detail the alarm bells he could hear ringing. So Cowett reacted to the bad news with his habitual coolness. For some time, he continued to insist that the profits were, not the $17.9 million his own controller had told him, but $25 million.

But the truth could not be hidden forever. That telephone call to Tokyo was the beginning of the end. Bit by bit, the real state of affairs began to leak out. The sales operation was running into a loss . . . The profits from managing the funds had been propped up by the Arctic deal . . . The money raised from the public issue of IOS Ltd. shares, little more than six months before, had all been spent.

At the very moment when Cornfeld, parading himself to the world as a major prophet, was achieving his greatest public acceptance, the train of events which was to expose the absurdity of his pretensions was under way.

Within weeks of Cornfeld's tirade against the SEC, the stock market cracked and fell even more steeply. "This decline, the largest and most protracted since World War II," one of the best-respected investments men on Wall Street wrote, "was a severe reaction to a period of excessive speculation." Cornfeld blamed the SEC for what had happened. But his own organization was not merely a victim of the market break; by a combination of sheer size and reckless commitment to "excessive speculation," it was one of its causes.

On Monday, April 13, 1970, IOS shares opened at 8½, and on the 14th they rallied briefly to 9½. On the 16th they fell back to 8. On the 17th, they opened at 7⅜—they closed that day at a disastrous 5½. By the end of the month Guinness Mahon in London were quoting $4 per share. IOS was clearly in trouble.

The first response of Cornfeld, Cowett, and their immediate henchmen was to try to brazen things out. Once, it might have worked. But the collapse of the IOS share price was taking place against a background of generalized financial panic to which IOS itself had contributed in terms of general policy and particular actions. In April, 1970, ghosts which had not been seen since 1929 were climbing out of coffins in Wall Street, in the City of London, and around the Place de la Bourse in Paris.

On February 4, when Cornfeld addressed the New York investment community, the market had been slipping steadily downward for rather more than a year. Having briefly scraped the 1,000 mark at the end of 1968, the Dow-Jones average moved down from 950 during 1969, to stand at 750 in the first week of February, 1970. It was, however, thought—or frantically hoped—that this was a low point, after which the market would embark on another long climb upward, as it had done in 1968. Surely, after a year's decline, the market must turn the corner. After an awful hesitation in February and March, it did. It turned the wrong way. All the stock markets in the world, with the temporary exception of Italy's, cracked at the same moment, and the cult of performance was discredited in a matter of days.

Vast injections of the company's own money failed to keep the IOS shares alive, and IOS tried the effects of a thunderously orchestrated propaganda campaign. Propaganda, after all, was what they had always done best. By the weekend after that first traumatic meeting, Ed Cowett's line that a Swiss bank had dumped 30,000 shares on the market had been elaborated into a wicked plot against IOS. After a careful examination of the evidence, Cowett informed the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, it was possible to say definitely that the *market had been manipulated*! Speculators, he said, were trying to force down the IOS price by systematic selling. Cornfeld rushed into battle with yet wilder allegations. He convinced the London *Observer* that IOS was a victim of "the biggest concentrated bear raid that Europe had seen in a generation." It was, he said (producing no evidence), the jealous German banking establishment, getting together to sell IOS short. But they would fail.

"At present market prices," he said (and he must have taken figures from the air), "we have enough cash in hand to buy back all the existing stock fourteen times." He produced the claim that he had enough money in his personal bank account to buy back all the shares. That, in the light of later knowledge, was a remarkable statement, because until he objected in January, his account at the Overseas Development Bank had indeed been used to buy almost a million IOS shares.

Yet the tale was told with such matchless assurance that it was hard to disbelieve. Henchmen pitched in to help, and in the melee taste and accuracy were early casualties. "I feel," said former United Nations Ambassador James Roosevelt, whom Cornfeld had persuaded to become a director of IOS, "like I did in 1933, when my father and I had meetings to sort out the problems of the United States. Then, we all pulled together, and none of the terrible things happened."

Meanwhile, the IOS publicity machine churned out declarations to the effect that only irresponsible conspirators could possibly allege that IOS might be short of cash. Thus, On April 22: "One of the most persistent misstatements which have been bandied about in the past two weeks is that our Company [is] short of cash. . . . These statements are untrue."

It will not be a surprise to learn that IOS lamented that "the small investor" was the person who would be most harmed by these malicious rumors. One would hardly have expected IOS to admit it was broke: by the conventions of business life, some delicate misrepresentation is permitted to those who find themselves in tight corners. But there was nothing delicate about IOS's account of its own cash position: "As for our own liquidity, the IOS group of companies . . . presently has a cash position in excess of $30 million being held at interest."

The statement did not disclose that the figure of $30 million, given as evidence of the company's liquidity, included blocked time-deposits and blocked cash. In effect, therefore, IOS was citing as evidence of its liquidity the very sums that had been advanced to its executives! The company's true liquid-cash position was scarcely more than a third of the sum claimed.

The press were not the only recipients of such manufactured optimism. On April 20, M. Paul Vincent, Director General of the Banque Rothschild, called from Paris. Vincent asked Cowett, "As it is my job to ask as an underwriter, what has happened to the share price?" Cowett said it was all right, it was just some speculators, and produced his forecast of the profits: $25 million in 1969, $50 million in 1970. Not that M. Vincent was entirely deceived. Three days later, he informed his boss, Baron Guy de Rothschild: *"C'est foutu, l'IOS."*

For the whole of April, although the share price fell relentlessly, keeping

pace with markets around the world, the IOS façade held together. The version that the press, and the financial community, accepted generally was that IOS had run into some budgetary difficulties, but was "basically sound," and was facing up to them.

Nobody was more horrified at the turn of events than the six distinguished underwriters who had brought the IOS public offer to the market. In the blunt words of one of IOS's own directors, the underwriters' reaction was that they and their clients had been had. On April 30, there was a somewhat acrid meeting in Geneva, when Bert Coleman of Drexel, Sir Kenneth Keith of Hill Samuel, and a party of underwriters confronted the Executive Committee of the IOS board, including Cornfeld and Cowett.

They suggested rather brutally that the company needed to get rid of both Cornfeld and Cowett in order to save itself—but this suggestion was too much for the IOS men. John Templeton, one of the big shareholders invited to the meeting as an observer, declared that the company needed the creativity, the imagination that Bernie and Ed brought to its affairs. But after ten years, the alliance between the imaginative pair was beginning to crack up. Cornfeld was careful to point out to the underwriters that the tax deals had been set up by Ed Cowett, and that Cowett was the only man who knew that company money was used in them.

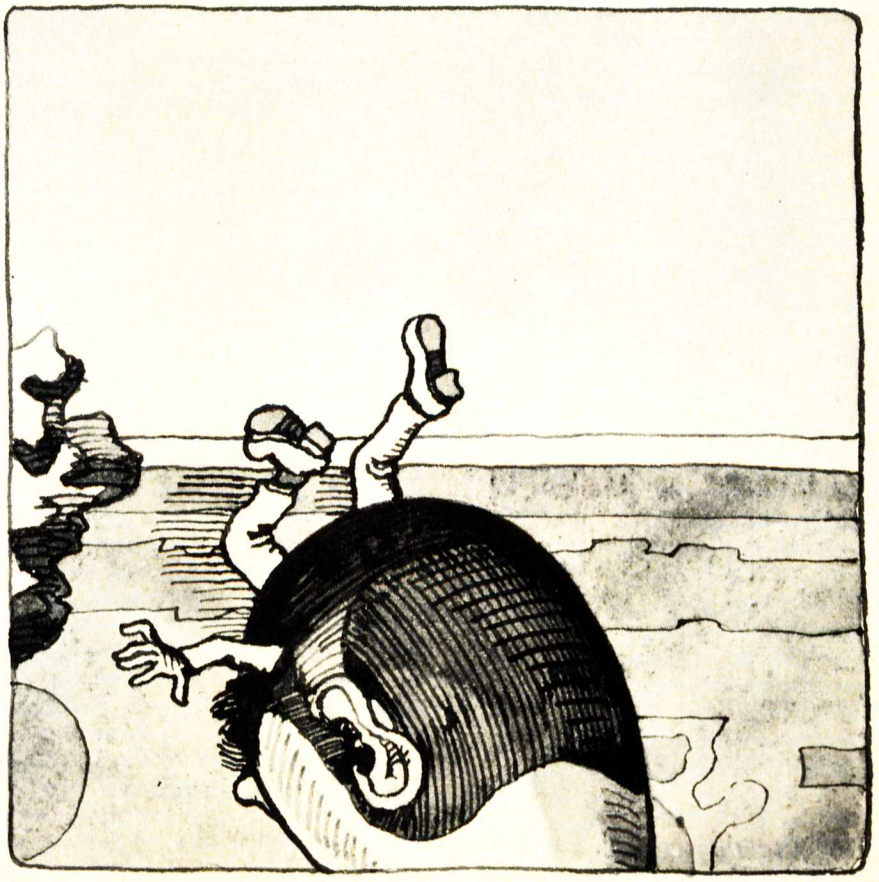
The passions generated by the struggle came to their climax during an extraordinary meeting of the IOS board at the Villa Bella Vista in Geneva, which began at 10 a.m. on Sunday, May 3, and did not break up until nearly 11 p.m. on the following Saturday. The meeting, submeetings, cabals, and personal confrontations which accompanied it were by turns bitter and furious, or inexplicably euphoric. During the week, emissaries and plenipotentiaries came and went incessantly, with offers of rescue or requests for information. Cornfeld, Cowett, and Denver entrepreneur John King of King Resources, who was Cowett's friend and had a number of major financial links with IOS, all addressed the meeting with explanations and suggestions. In between times, long periods of sullen, ashen bickering supervened.

At the meeting, the scenes were played by a distinguished cast. Together with special effects and noises off, there were contributions from nearly all the important protagonists, with styles and accents as varied as the history of the company itself. There was a group of sales bosses who shared the sleekly youthful air which is apparently conferred by selling international mutual funds. There was the head of the sales force, Allen Cantor, sucking his pipe. Two impressive presences were George Landau, rangy and elegant, like a Russian poet dressed by Brooks Brothers; and another top IOS executive who was especially close to Cornfeld, Eli Wallitt, with his long prophetic face and a halo of white hair. There were Ambassador Roosevelt, towering and booming; Count Johan Bernadotte; Martin Brooke, the English banker; Pasquale Chiomenti, the Italian lawyer; Wilson W. Wyatt, the Kentucky politician; and Professor George von Peterffy, bulking even bigger, physically, than Roosevelt. Erich Mende, bouncy and redfaced, came in with a PR man to translate his German into English. Including Cornfeld and Cowett, 22 IOS directors were present when the meeting opened.

The meeting got down to discussing one particular plan in some detail. Cowett had flown to America on a secret mission on April 20. He went on to Denver, where he had found John King willing, even eager, to come to the rescue. This was less than amazing, since it would by now have been difficult for the King companies to survive the death of IOS. A possible deal had been lashed together, under which King would produce two sums of $20 million to get IOS out of its cash problems. Harding Lawrence of Braniff Airways, who was on the King Resources Board, would become president of IOS, and King believed that he could get Gustave Levy, formerly chairman of the governors of the New York Stock Exchange, to become Chief Executive. It was certainly hard to see where Cornfeld might fit into the new system.

Cornfeld opened up on Monday with a long exhortation to the board not to be stampeded into the King deal, or any other. The thing to do was to get back to running the company, while looking for "partners."

At this stage, the Paris delegation telephoned an extremely bleak situation report. Cantor had previously learned that the Banque Rothschild in Paris might be interested in making a rescue bid if they could team with the London Rothschilds. The London Rothschilds, it emerged, were behaving in a lamentably unsympathetic way. They had kicked off by demanding that IOS be handed over to them as if in receivership. After discussion, they had broken this down to say that they would accept 51 per cent control, and would offer a dollar a share. They wished to have nothing to do with King, and both Cowett and Cornfeld must go at once. They would bring six or eight of their own people in to run IOS and the funds. Besides the immediate resignations of Cornfeld and Cowett, they wanted everyone else's resignations "in the desk drawer." And neither Rothschild would move without the other.



"... Cornfeld was bluntly told he must resign from the chairmanship for IOS to survive. A screaming match followed ..."

What really made it impossible for such an offer to be accepted was that the offer was only worth $1 per share. To the directors—and big shareholders—gathered around the table at Bella Vista, the attraction of John King, however much they might fear him, was that he was offering, in effect, $4 per share. There was a large blackboard in the conference room on which the vital figures for the two deals were being chalked up at opposite sides. At some point in the debate, one of the directors took up the chalk, and added a comment at the foot of each column. Under the King figures, he wrote "Rape," and under the Rothschild figures he wrote "Murder." The meeting chose to accept a fate worse than death.

The vast figure of John M. King now emerged from a black limousine outside Bella Vista, and strode into the long board room. In view of the fact that King Resources itself was virtually bankrupt within months of this meeting, and that there was a sharp liquidity squeeze in the United States at the time, it may seem remarkable that King should have been able to scratch up the finances to answer Cowett's call for help. However, King Resources had increased its liquidity in several ways during the past few weeks. First, the company had conducted a thorough review of all the sums owed to it by the IOS funds, principally the Fund of Funds. Through what Ed Cowett called "a strict and full interpretation of all obligations," by the end of April King Resources had been able to obtain a total of $20 million from the cash resources of the Fund of Funds. Second, King had just discovered an oasis in the American credit desert. This rather exclusive oasis was frequented by his own companies, by Harry Trueblood's Consolidated Oil & Gas, and by that IOS investment favorite, Four Seasons Nursing Homes. It was refreshed by funds from the Treasury of the State of Ohio, and from the Disabled Workmen's Compensation Fund of the Ohio Industrial Commission, whose monies were handled by the State Treasury. King's access to this cash had been arranged via money brokers in California, Miami, and Ohio: before the SES declared the loans to be "illegal," this seemed a promising source of cash.

On April 17, King Resources borrowed $3 million from the Ohio Treasury, and on May 1, the day before King left for Geneva, the company borrowed another $5 million. And King, who was then being described by *Forbes* magazine as "an American Croesus," was confident of getting more cash from orthodox banking and insurance sources.

King now made a wondrous speech to the IOS directors. He counseled everyone to look to the future, and abjure negativism. His own companies, he said, had passed through hard times in the past, but had risen to higher things. He said that everyone should adopt a positive attitude and work together. At the same time, he thought that he should be in control, because who else would lend any more cash? He could not submit to the rule of a committee, merely in order to get members of the financial establishment involved, he said; King Resources was an establishment company. He closed his address with an assertion that indecision was inherently evil.

Cornfeld introduced an expert witness for his view that IOS was not in all that much need of money. This was Hugh Knowlton, from Smith, Barney & Co., who had been one of the six leading underwriters. What IOS needed was not money, Knowlton said: rather, it was credibility and reorganized management. A few million dollars, if needed, could always be raised, he thought, by pledging the stock IOS owned in its subsidiary, IOS Management. Of course, it would be necessary first to replace both Cowett and Cornfeld. With that, Mr. Knowlton departed.

The realities of the situation were now painfully clear. A surrender to Rothschilds would mean that most of those present would be purged from the position they held. John King, who was prepared to pay $4 a share, was offering rescue, or anyway some kind of alliance, on terms to which few except Cornfeld seemed unalterably opposed. Alternatively, it was possible that IOS might survive without King. But in that case, it would be necessary for Bernie to lay down his head, in order that his colleagues should have a decent chance of preserving theirs.

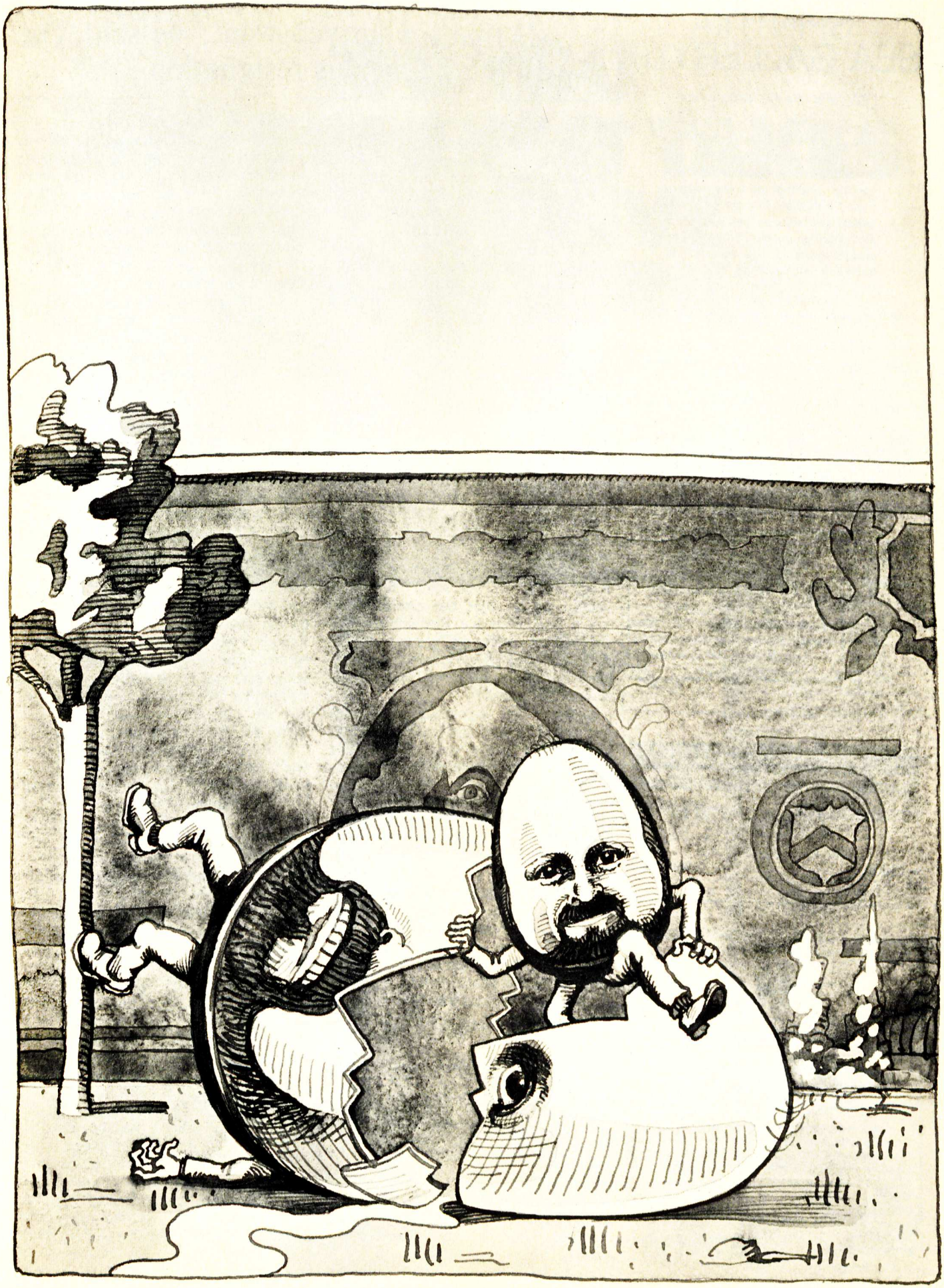
It was Cornfeld's old friend, Eli Wallitt, who faced the Emperor at last. Speaking slowly and sorrowfully, he proposed that votes of confidence should be passed upon both Bernard Cornfeld and Edward Cowett. Having done that, he said, the board must decide whether to negotiate with King alone, or whether to keep looking for other help while negotiating with King. Finally, in the event that Cornfeld and Cowett should be removed, a new, small committee should be set up to run the company. Wallitt proposed a bulky resolution covering all these points. It was late Wednesday evening.

The directors decided not to vote on Eli Wallitt's resolution. Instead, they voted on a new motion to negotiate immediately with King. They decided that they would not take King's offer as it stood, but would try to persuade him to share his rescue with at least one American and one European partner. The immediate effect of this was to eliminate Cowett. Anxious to assure themselves that there was no unduly close connection with King, the board voted that Cowett should resign from the board, and from all his other positions, as from the time the new management should take over. The directors, all of whom were showing signs of strain, dispersed.

The evening session was not productive. Cornfeld launched a bitter tirade against King, who, he said, was incapable of thinking of the operation as anything but a take-over. The man had no sense of partnership, Cornfeld complained. Allen Cantor, who was on the negotiating committee dealing with King, admitted sadly that King was steadfastly refusing to give up any more than 49 per cent to any other participants. King, effectively, was saying they had to go all the way with him, or not at all. And although King would offer $4 apiece for IOS shares, the conviction was spreading that some substantial participation would be required to restore confidence.

The vital step in the deposition of Cornfeld took place outside the board room itself. Before Friday's session began, Cornfeld was talking with Allen Cantor in Cantor's office at 119 Rue de Lausanne, when three of his associates, George von Peterffy, Richard Hammerman, and Henry Buhl, came in with Eli Wallitt. The much-oppressed Emperor turned at bay, to be confronted by Wallitt, whom he had personally dominated during the whole of the twenty years since they had met in the Norman Thomas campaign at Brooklyn College. Cornfeld had been warned that the old bonds were snapping two days before at Bella Vista: but this time it was no windy resolution in business language that faced him. Wallitt told Cornfeld, bluntly, that he must resign from the chairmanship of the board in order for the company to survive.

There was a short, raw screaming



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Great ideas in dining—No. 6

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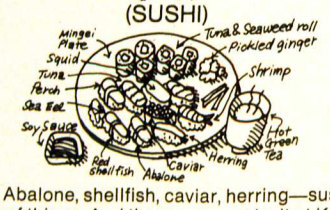

(Tear off and Save)

Abalone, shellfish, caviar, herring—sushi is a lot of things. And the way we make it at Kegon (Keh-gohn), it's everything it ought to be. Zesty. Delicate. Fresh as a waterfall. With soft rice. And a dash of wasabi. Mmmm! Just dip it in soy sauce and enjoy, enjoy, enjoy. Another great idea in dining from Kegon, the authentic Japanese restaurant. □ Cocktail lounge. Tatami room. Tea room.
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". . .'If that's what you want,' he said. The words counted as his resignation . . ."

match. Spouting obscenities, Cornfeld accused Wallitt of plotting against him in calculated disloyalty. Accusations of mutual treachery mounted rapidly, until Cornfeld dashed from the room, shouting, "I made you, Wallitt," among other, less printable things.

The board meeting began at twelve-thirty on Friday and the directors had figures on the table which showed that IOS was now losing money at the rate of about $250,000 a day.

Locked between King, who wanted a take-over, and the Rothschilds, who wanted surrender, the directors hesitated and bickered. Allen Cantor said that the Rothschild consortium required a firm answer, or they would withdraw.

Cornfeld made a last, despairing attempt to find a deal that would reconcile all demands. He suggested that more directors should be brought in from outside, and that IOS should try once more to do a deal with King, having first got back the money King owed. At the same time, IOS should try to joint the establishment via a deal with the Rothschilds—but should not surrender control of the company to anyone. Cornfeld was asked to withdraw while the board considered its position.

Director Eric Wyndham White took over the chair, and said that he wouldn't like to see a formal vote taken against Cornfeld. It would, he thought, be more seemly just to get the feeling of the meeting. Professor von Peterffy attempted to persuade Sir Eric that any such gentle scenario "would have repercussions, with a guy like Cornfeld." Von Peterffy wanted a formal vote with sealed ballots, but Wyndham White would not go beyond a poll of the directors as they sat at the table. Malcolm Fox stood up and proposed that Bernie should be asked to resign voluntarily from the chairmanship, from all his positions in fund management, and from all his posts in subsidiaries. One by one, Wyndham White went round the table. With the exception of Allen Cantor and Wilson Wyatt, every director assented to Fox's proposal. Cantor, with tears in his eyes, was sent to convey "the feeling of the meeting" to Bernie waiting outside.

It was some minutes before Cantor came back. With him was Cornfeld, walking slowly, hands in his pockets, looking down at his feet. "If that's what you want," he told the assembled directors, almost inaudibly.

Those few muttered words counted, legally, as his resignation from the chairmanship of the board which was gathered before him. But something more was needed to convey Cornfeld's resignation from his posts throughout the other corporations of the IOS empire. Ed Coughlin, the secretary, had a brief, comprehensive letter of resignation typed out, and Cornfeld signed his familiar bold signature.

Silently, he took a seat as a rank-and-file member of the board, and the directors decided to call John King back in to talk to them. In the interval, while they waited for King, Cornfeld went up to Coughlin and said, "Could I have that piece of paper I just signed?" Coughlin, whose impression was that Cornfeld had been so overcome with emotion that he could scarcely have known what he was signing, thought "the guy had a right to see what he'd put his name to."

Cornfeld took the letter, and went back to his seat. And then John King came in, and began to address the IOS men on the wonders of King Resources, and the prosperity and glory that awaited the two companies once they were linked together. Almost nobody, it seemed, was looking at Cornfeld. After King had spoken for a few minutes, Cornfeld slowly, but with deliberation, tore his letter across once, then twice. Then he crumpled it up in his hand.

The directors had not noticed Cornfeld's action. Perhaps they were spellbound by the savior. But when King withdrew, Ed Coughlin said, "I must draw the attention of the board to something. Has Mr. Cornfeld resigned?"

Cornfeld now delivered a somewhat confused speech. He was bitterly certain, he said, that John King was a financial adventurer. King, he believed, would ruin IOS. As for himself, he was unwilling to resign from *all* his positions without taking legal advice. After all, simply to resign from everything might increase his legal liabilities—he didn't know. Would not the board at least let him talk to his attorneys?

His old colleagues were reluctant to remove him forcibly. His verbal resignation from the chairmanship still stood anyway: they told Cornfeld that he could delay his other resignations, if he wished, until he had taken counsel. It was an unwise concession, and it led to a prolonged and damaging series of wrangles. But even so, the imperious authority which had ruled and created IOS was at long last broken, never to be restored. ▬

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO SURVIVE IN NEW YORK?

Once, all you needed was the patience of Job, the stamina of Superman, and the annual income of Louis XIV.

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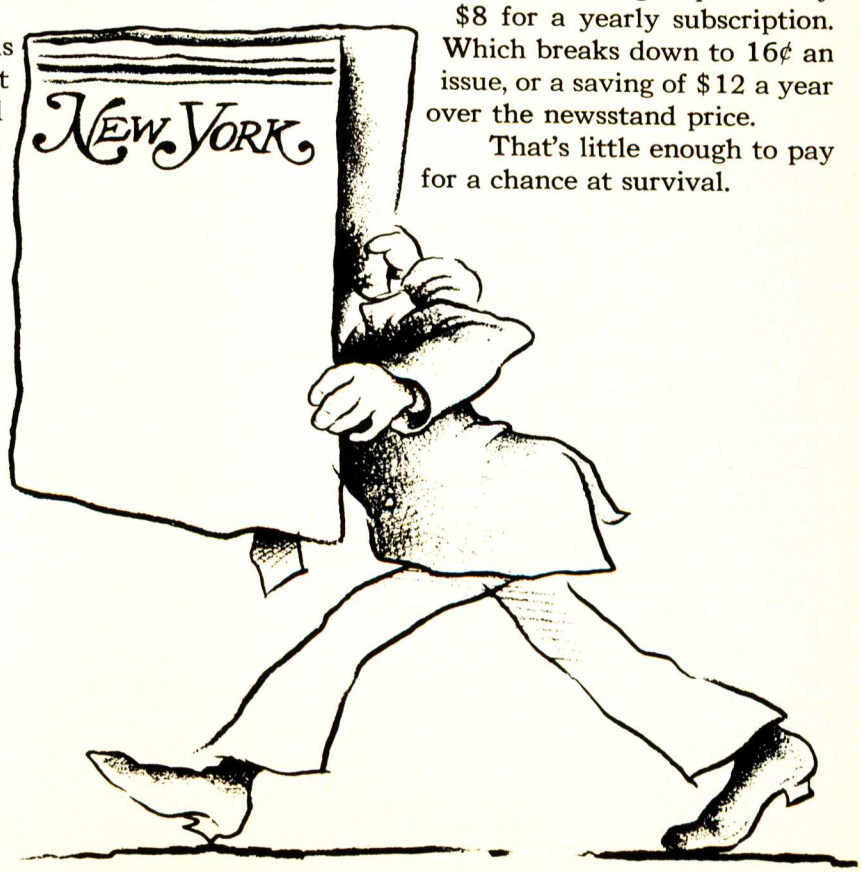


BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places and phenomena of particular interest this week

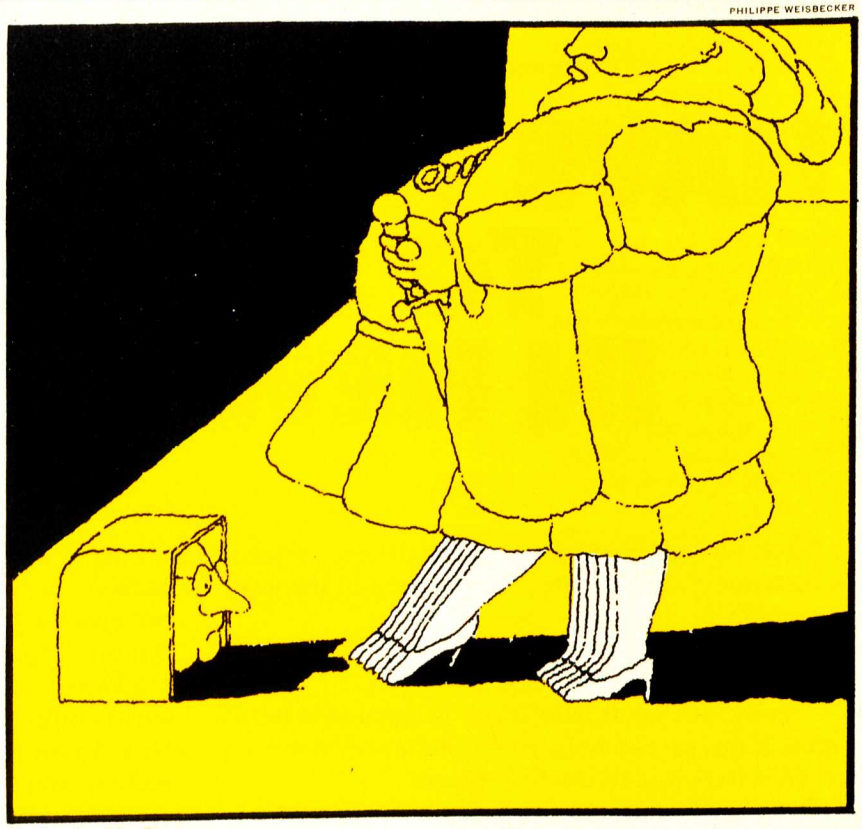
Edited by Ellen Stock

Soul on Ice

The unhappy case of explorer Umberto Nobile is the subject of *The Red Tent,* an Italo-Russian film released by Paramount. In 1928, Nobile commanded a polar expedition in the dirigible *Italia*; the craft crashed in the Arctic and he was held responsible. The movie —which was shot in Estonia, in Moscow and on an ice pack in the middle of the Baltic—explores the disaster, the ensuing controversy and the general's guilt. Cast includes Sean Connery and Claudia Cardinale. Peter Finch (below) plays Nobile staunchly against those who prefer to see him as Ignobile.

THE RED TENT/*July 29/Radio City Music Hall*

PHILIPPE WEISBECKER



Private Tudor

Since we never did see Henry VIII in the flesh, it's probably unfair to dismiss as unfit anyone but Charles Laughton in the royal role. So we're unfair. But for the more open-minded, CBS offers Keith Michell (late of *Man of La Mancha* and *Abelard and Héloïse*) as a blond and unferocious Harry. *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*—a series which won five awards on the BBC last year—consists of six chronological dramas, each written by a different author, each dealing with a different wife.

THE SIX WIVES OF HENRY VIII/*Every Sunday August 1-September 5 at 9:30 p.m. Channel 2*

Private Servants

If you need some work done and you've got a thing for men in uniform, hire your next hand from Off-Duty Policemen and Firemen Temporaries Placement, Inc. New York's men in blue are permitted to work twenty hours a week off-duty and ODPFTP's president, Marilyn Cance, has about 1,000 of their names on file. Already she has sent men out as landscapers, construction workers, chauffeurs, typists and carpenters. Some are overqualified and harder to place: either they're bilingual, or they have master's degrees, or they're veterinarians, watchmakers, pilots and cooks. As for her own policeman husband, Mrs. Cance has had no trouble placing him. He helps her out in the office.

OFF-DUTY POLICEMEN & FIREMEN TEMPORARIES PLACEMENT, INC. *939-9111*

STAN MACK

Polymorphous Exotica

It's easy enough for a doting aunt to provide her toddling nephew with such essentials as his first teddy bear and hobby horse. But something else again to fill his gingerbread shelves with early children's books. Until recently, the challenge was awesome. With most dealers gone from Fourth Avenue, the supply of used juveniles consisted primarily of tattered Horatio Algers, Big Little Books and wildly overpriced Golden Books from the forties. Now there's Polymorphous, a shop on Columbus Avenue's Antiques Row (in the Seventies), where, in addition to quilts, sheet music, and other Americana, there is clearly the town's best selection of turn-of-the-century children's books ($1-$15). Alphabet books and fairy tales, poetry books and elocution readings, *Kris Kringle's Jolly Book* and *The Book of Pussycats.* When owner Alan Zuch (Harvard '56) dropped out of advertising and into antiques, he stopped shaving, hid his American Express card and traded in his Brooks Brothers wardrobe for baggy overalls and checked shirts. Now he relaxes in his fan-cooled shop (below), playing Broadway musicals on the phonograph, quipping with customers, poorer than he ever thought he'd be and happier than most people we know.

POLYMORPHOUS/*283 Columbus Avenue (73rd-74th Streets)/799-3990*

RAFAEL MACIA

TOM BENTKOWSKI

Thumbing the Green

There are various ways to combat apartment-stale air. You can discharge cans of cloying "air fresheners," burn incense, or be the only one on your block to combine real flowers and spices. How? Find out in a two-hour class at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden on August 3, where you'll learn how to collect and prepare the ingredients for potpourris and pomander balls, one of four one-shot courses in August. The others: "Annuals" (August 10); "The Best in Gardening Books" (August 12) and, for children twelve and up, "Dyeing With Plants" (August 17).

BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN COURSES
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The City in Focus

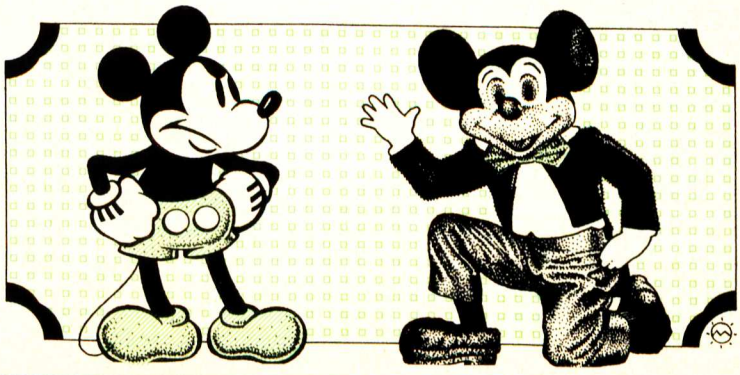
For Carol Leand, 25, photography is something to be taken seriously, and current photography magazines are of little use. So she has embarked on a publication of her own, *The New York Photographer. "They* deal with techniques, gimmicks and new equipment," she says. *"We* treat photography as an art. It's not a matter of how many new lenses you have, or what tricks you've perfected in the darkroom. It's a matter of photography as expression." The bi-monthly *NYP,* with two issues out and another on the way, is more a newsletter than a magazine, more for buffs than browsers. Carol and her small, dedicated staff provide reviews of photography books and shows, interviews and a calendar of exhibitions, lectures and classes.

THE NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHER/*180 Claremont Avenue/$4 for 12 issues*

Animated But Annetteless

When the 1971 edition of Disney on Parade shuffles into Madison Square Garden on August 3, just about every familiar character but Annette and Julie Andrews will be utilized in twelve huge production numbers (choreographed by Broadway's Onna White). Among the Disney dozen: "Mickey's Band Concert," "Pinocchio" (complete with an Italian street carnival full of jugglers, sword-swallowers, fire-eaters and aerialists), "Necessary Evil" (in which villains like the Big Bad Wolf, the apple-pushing witch and Stromboli carry on in a vaudevillian chorus line), "Fantasia," "Goofy on the High Wire" and "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Heigh-ho.

DISNEY ON PARADE/*August 3-29/Madison Square Garden*



MARVIN MATTELSON

Movies/Jerome Snyder and Sol Chaneles

CAN NIXON GIVE THE SHAW BROTHERS A RUNRUN FOR THE MONEY?

"... New York's Chinese film addicts start young. Entire families go and one learns to overlook the wailing of small babies ..."

When Ping-Pong comes, can movies be far behind? Will Mr. Nixon find a substitute for *Patton* at Loew's Peking? Like the Soviet-American cultural exchange in the fifties that gave New York a string of new Russian cinematic masterpieces beginning with *The Cranes Are Flying*, the Sino-American thaw of 1971 could also open the door to the products of movie studios in the People's Republic of China. These films will be message-heavy, extolling virtues that foster unity and material progress for China's 750 million inhabitants. The "correct" attitude for artists, according to Mao, is to help the broad masses remold their thinking.

Should Mainland-made films reach New York screens, the local Chinese audience may not be entirely unreceptive to the subject matter or content. Although the current Chinese film fare seen in New York's houses does not offer cinematic homilies as simplistic as a collective farmer repairing a failing carburetor by drawing ideological inspiration from the Chairman's *Little Red Book*, Chinatown's filmgoers do see mostly message-films. The messages are pointed toward the morals and attitudes that have preserved the Chinese culture for over five thousand years.

New York's Chinese film addicts start young. Entire families go to Chinatown's five movie houses, which choose from nearly five hundred films a year. After watching a movie for a while, one no longer notices, or at least learns to overlook, the gurgles or wails of tender babes-in-arms, or the pre-school crowd running about playing and singing under the watchful mien of a Chinese matron, the nearby concern of *muchin* and *fuchin* (mama and papa) while the eye of the silver screen blinks a message beyond words.

Motives for attendance vary. A young attractive couple, several years after emigration from Hong Kong, want to surround themselves with ". . . the language. It's so good to hear it for a few hours without interruption." Enthusiastic Pell Street teenagers rush to see the latest film of Li Ching, the 22-year-old movie queen. Her latest hits include *The New One-Armed Swordsman* and *The Human Goddess*. Retired oldsters throng to the classics: colorful, richly tapestried stories set in the period of the Han Dynasty (206 B.C.—220 A.D.), recollecting the time when children were obedient, reverential toward parents, when only virtue and justice triumphed and good luck always pursued the hard-working, honest man.

With the growth of Chinatown's population, and with affluence, many families have moved to the suburbs. A few times a month the suburbanites make a pilgrimage to Mott and Pell to shop and dine, followed by a family affair at one of the five movie houses spread through the Chinatown enclave. The most western, geographically speaking, is the Canal Street Cinema, several blocks off the neon glitter of Mott and Pell. There is always a double feature —a good three hours of costume, action, blood and old-fashioned emotion. All the houses follow the column A and B pattern: one film is generally based on a classic theme, on the order of a historical horse opera, and the other a modern theme which may take in anything from a musical to a modern story of good and evil.

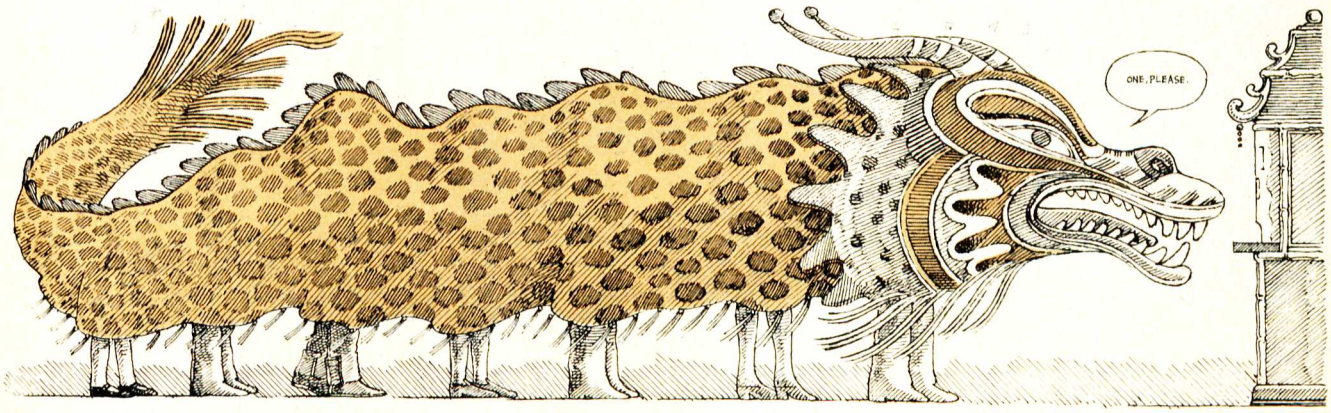
The older generation prefers the column A selections—epics of ancient days like *The Enchanted Chamber*, filled with ghosts, magicians, beautiful bewitched women and sword battles staged like ballets. The appetites of younger fans are whetted by column B —the "Now" beat of Hong Kong: romance while speeding in a plush motor launch through Victoria Harbor, dormitory comedies, or a musical like *We Love Millionaires*, about three girls who want to marry rich. No matter the filmfare combination, the ancient and solid values of the Chinese people are put to the test and triumph. In *My Son*, a police inspector must deliver the final punishment to his worthless son, a ne'er-do-well whose unresolved job-family conflict versus a quick buck and the life of an Oriental sybarite takes him down the murky road of booze, betting and bullets. In the classic *Lady With a Sword*, Fen Ying-ying's husband is brutally murdered while carrying out an honorable mission. Subsequently, Fen Ying-ying is raped and killed. Her young children eventually avenge the deaths of their loved ones and restore honor to the family.

Chinese films have improved tremendously in the past few years, from both the technical and artistic standpoints. Eastman color is softly lyrical; there is a temptation to milk the emotion out of scenes calling for tears and pathos, but the action is generally quick-moving and tautly edited. Subtitles, in Chinese characters as well as English, are provided. English titles are punchy and informative.

Most of the credit for the transformation of the Hong Kong film industry goes to Runrun and Renme, the septuagenarian Shaw brothers whose Shaw Film City overlooking Hong Kong harbor accounts for the major Chinese film output—especially its million-dollar blockbusters. Only the Sun Sing theater in Chinatown gets films from the prolific Shaws, and it's not clear whether the competition with other producers is entirely amicable. According to Kitson Wong, a graduate of the NYU Graduate School of Business Administration and the Shaws' U.S. representative, the brothers over the last ten years brought the Hong Kong industry up to the level of sophistication of Western films. Popular stars were "born" under their tutelage, like Li Ching and David Chiang, highly admired for his performance in *Wandering Swordsman*. Chiang is a phenomenal karate expert whose Nijinsky-like leaps and mastery of *Kung-Fu* (classical unarmed-combat) are breathtaking. If you notice some rather sturdily built non-Oriental types going to see David Chiang's films, they are probably karate freaks. The action-stuffed classics with their sword-slashings and elbow blows to the solar plexus are high-energy magnets for the martial-art crowd.

During the past few years Runrun and Renme sent some of their budding directors to study Western techniques in Italy's film studios. Chang Chuk Fei and Kuo Nan Hung, two of Hong Kong's most successful directors, were both shaped in the Italian school of film making, and also did a tour of study in Hollywood. It is difficult to miss the Western influence in their work.

Although classical operas and modern proletarian stories produced in Peking's film studios are shown in Hong Kong and other movie houses of the Far East, they are not, according to Kitson Wong, as popular as the Hong Kong product. "When people buy a ticket," says Mr. Wong, "they are entitled to get what they paid for. One shouldn't have to pay for propaganda."



Chinatown's most community-related movie house is the Governor—the smallest and least modernized, showing somewhat more dated films in black and white, spoken in Cantonese with no subtitles. Films shown in the other houses are in full color, spoken in Mandarin (or *Han* as the lingua franca is officially called in Peking). Chinese-character subtitles may be read by Chinatown's residents who are predominantly Cantonese-speaking. A rough comparison of subtitles gives the syntactical edge to the Shaw brothers' films. The non-Shaw constituency has its idols—the Oriental beauty who appears to be the Barbra Streisand of the non-Mainland Chinese is one Yiu-Soo-Yung, a top recording and musical film star. If the chromo-colored movie posters can be trusted in their transliterations, the names to note are those of C. Louie, Wong Yee, Chung Ching, Ching Chuen Hung and Yung Kouw, all tops at the box office. The Hong Kong, Taiwan and Korean producers keep their stars as busy as waiters in a *Dim Sum* parlor.

If you want to get deeper into the Chinese film scene, there is a gaggle of four-color fan magazines that keep the movie buffs' thirst well slaked. To be sure, the Shaw brothers have not neglected the mag bag; in fact they own the principal screen slicks. Apparently the puritanism of the Mainland's cultural revolution hasn't had much effect on the offshore film demi-monde. Film magazine gossip, Hong Kong or Taiwan style, isn't much different from the Hollywood style of tattle—sweetened occasionally by the charm of the phrasing. Two verbatim examples should close the inscrutability gap:

FAN LING AND TIEN YEH

Fan Ling and Tien Yeh have returned to Taiwan. There were rumors that she was pregnant, and so it was suggested that the best way to strike off them is to have some photographs of herself taken and shown to the public. She agreed and did so. The two have got together for some time but they have not yet decided upon the question of marriage. Tien Yeh is to become a director. It is learned that the first picture he is going to direct will be a swordfighting play starring Fan Ling and himself plus some other well-known stars.

TANG LAN HUA AND THE VOLLEYBALL HERO

Readers will recall that some ten years ago we had a romantic story about the actress Yeh Feng and the basketball hero Li Nan Hui. Yeh Feng has eventually become the wife of the actor Ling Yun, and Li Nan Hui has married a basketball heroine of a Hong Kong team.

Now we have Tang Lan Hua and Sun Chia Hsiung. Tang Lan Hua has appeared in many a picture and is one of the top actresses in Taiwan. She is now only 20 years of age. She won a singing contest some two years ago. Her name is now romantically linked with that of Sun. He will be a very lucky man if he succeeds in capturing her. He is tall and handsome and is one of the top players of volleyball. He is crazy going after her, and they are just now having a good time.

In the event of a U.S.-People's Republic film entente, chances are that we will have a new kind of double bill: an opera and a modern film singing the praises of duty and work. Better yet, let us hope that Mao's government will also send a live opera, since it has been nearly a generation since live Mainland Chinese opera played to New York audiences. Slung under the Manhattan Bridge on East Broadway is the spacious Sun Sing theater, once the home of Chinatown's opera companies. It was built by the city in 1921, and the city fathers still own and collect rent from Sun Sing. The golden age of Chinese opera ended when World War II curtailed travel of the companies. After the war, the stranded artists remained, applying their talents in front of culinary boards instead of footlights. Chinese opera, live or celluloid, is an event not to be missed. ■

Where To Go:

Sun Sing
75 East Broadway, 267-6356
Shows only first-run Shaw Brothers films
Double features, changed weekly
Open 12:30-11:30, 7 days; $2 adults, $.50-$1 children.
Seats 850.

Canal Cinema
277 Canal Street, 925-7954
First-run double features, changed weekly
Open 12-10, 7 days; $2 adults, 75 cents children.
Seats 500.

Music Palace
91 Bowery (above Canal), 925-4971
First-run double features, changed weekly
Open 12-12, 7 days; $2 adults, 75 cents children. Seats 600.

Governor
5 Chatham Square (Mott and Bowery), 267-0385
Double features of uncertain vintage, program changes weekly
Cantonese spoken, no subtitles
Open 12-12, 7 days; $2 adults, 75 cents children
Seats 450.

Pagoda
11 East Broadway, 964-1825
First-run features, changed weekly
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Seats 650.

Judith Crist is on vacation.

Illustrated by chas b slackman

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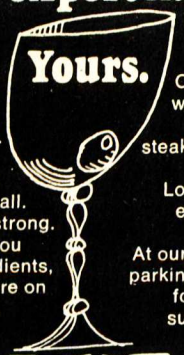

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Theater/John Simon

BLACK PLAYS, WHITE REVIEWERS

". . . Finally there will be no more talk of black or white theater, only of theater . . ."

I have not seen as much black theater as I would have liked to. My space here is limited, and Broadway and off-Broadway have the right to preempt it. Much of black theater stays in an area that could be called off-off-off-Broadway, except that black theater, quite rightly, does not see the theatrical world as a kind of Ptolemaic universe, with the Great White Sun of Broadway at the center, and everything else revolving around it. But I have a primary obligation in this non-avant-garde magazine to cover what is more accessible to the majority of its readers and, frankly, to me.

There are, moreover, many kinds of critics. There is, for example, the scout-type, who is always out there at the frontier, looking for the new. There is another group of critics—I shudder to call them the curators but I may have to—who are chiefly concerned with evaluating the more settled, established, classical theater. I may be one of those—though, I hasten to add, I much prefer serving the Establishment Theater as a gadfly; or, if as a curator, then as a more demanding, intransigent one than most. I prefer, then, to wait till playwrights and productions come to me, rather than go ferreting them out at their remote sources. Doubtless, I lose out on some good things, but I am also spared a good many bad ones. In the end, I suppose, it balances out; and the worthier drama does eventually reach at least off-Broadway, if not Broadway; and that goes for black playwrights as much as for white ones.

What I absolutely do not hold with, however, is the opinion of at least two prominent white critics. According to this view, serious white critics should not be reviewing black theater at all. The reason is partly that whites are not supposed to share and understand the Negro experience, and partly that the white theater has evolved way beyond the fledgling black one. As a result, Negro playwrights are supposedly just beginning to discover things that white dramatists have long since outgrown. But for Negro playwrights and audiences this antediluvian stuff is a brave new world, and who are we, as one such white critic said to me, to spoil their fun by telling them how dreadfully old hat and feeble their theater is?

Now whereas the black theater people would undoubtedly find the second argument offensive, they would, I am certain, applaud the first. I myself disagree with both and find them equally patronizing, parochial and reprehensible. Surely the world we live in is too large for any of us to have exactly the same experiences as others, or know about them in detail. But, equally surely, the world is too small for us not to recognize parallels, kinships and a common ground with all sorts of people, wherever they may be. And the world of art is both smaller and larger than the physical world: smaller, because it brings the tiniest details of any existence into microscopic focus and magnification; larger because it enables our understanding of, and compassion for, others to soar to greater heights than a mere spaceship can attain. If black playwrights could reach only black audiences, they would not be able to survive even economically, let alone as universal artists, to which estate it is the right and duty of every true dramatist to aspire.

As for the other argument: shall there be one set of rules for white plays, and another for black ones? Shall white critics review only white plays—and possibly yellow ones (they are perfectly willing to discourse on Kabuki); while black critics review only black ones, and, perhaps, dark brown and red as well? Shall color barriers be abolished everywhere but in criticism? Shall the ghetto mentality be perpetuated in the theater? To all these questions, my answer is a resounding no. I reject equally the Sunday *Times*' practice of having a Negro guest reviewer pronounce on black plays (aren't the two white ones good enough? and if that black man is good, why not have him review the white plays as well?) and that absurd letter the black theater people circulated and had printed in the *Times*, angrily protesting Mel Gussow's reference to a certain black theatrical enterprise as "parochial." I did not see it; it may or may not have seemed parochial to me,

but that is not the point. If a white reviewer perceives a black effort as parochial, it is his right to say so, and the high-handed and hate-filled (as well as hardly literate) letter of protest made poor sense. I am sorry that Gussow honored it with a reply, and not, I think, a very good one at that.

There can be only the same standard of excellence in the theater—however you choose to define it—for all plays and performances: white, black, or purple. Though our black playwrights are starting from behind, they cannot ask for quarter from white critics—this would be as much beneath their dignity as beneath ours. There are talented men and women in the Negro theater and they are moving fast. Their plays may come to resemble white drama more or less, but they will become better and better—they will be good and, in due time, great. And, finally, there will be no more talk of black or white theater, only of theater—even if individual styles continue, I hope, to be vastly divergent.

Now for a current play by a Negro, J.E. Franklin's **Black Girl**. Lasting only an hour, it is made up of many short scenes. It concerns the struggle of Billie Jean, a harassed seventeen-year-old ghetto girl, to get out of early marriage, rapid-fire child-bearing, squalor—or their even worse alternative, prostitution—and study ballet, perhaps go to college. Most of the members of her household, having themselves failed, want her to fail too. Miss Franklin has created a striking cast of characters, and she can turn out some quite presentable patches of dialogue, as well as produce swift, compelling flare-ups of violence.

But the play fails by being a piling up of shortcut upon shortcut. Every scene either introduces a new character (who is later dropped), or presents a dramatic climax; missing is the rising action, the interplay of humdrum complexities that leads from the flatnesses to the culminations. Missing is the development of characters, the growing awareness, the maturing of motivation. Missing even is the personal flavor, the particularization of the characters; they have a way of remaining types, which are unacceptable shortcuts to individuals. I do not question the truthfulness of Miss Franklin's playwriting, but she has yet to give us the solid, rounded, circumambulable, fully palpable truth. The acting, too, is uneven in this production that orginated at the Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theater. I was most impressed by Louise Stubbs as the heroine's mother, whom bitterness has warped into preferring strays to her own children. ■

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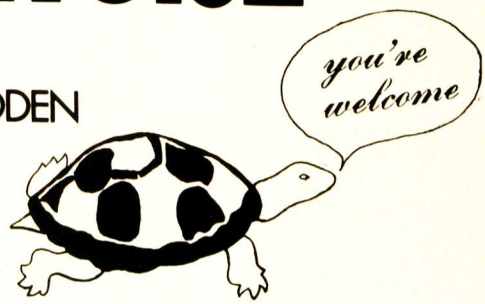

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CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE

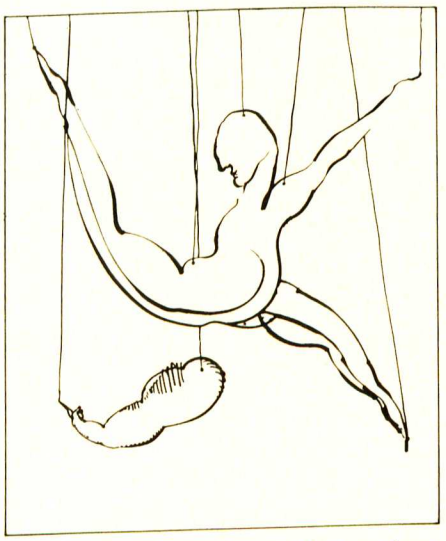
". . . The City Center concept, a cultural center as both building and producer, has shaped culture throughout this country . . ."

The night after I finished the following mostly kind words about Lincoln Center (Friday, July 16), this happened. I was sitting out at the fountain after the ballet, and near me some college-age musicians—a flutist, guitarist and a singer—were jamming quietly, to the great pleasure of the 50-or-so other people who were there. Suddenly, three Lincoln Center guards rushed up on motorbikes and put an end to the music. No reason was given, beyond the order that "yez can't play here." It is difficult to believe that so attractive and agreeable an addition to the Lincoln Center atmosphere should get anything but the warmest encouragement.

Some good and some bad news has come out lately from the ranks of corporate culture. The good news concerns the new accommodation that seems to be taking shape between the City Center people and those at Lincoln Center. The bad news is about hard times at the Brooklyn Academy, which have now led to the dissolution of its resident ballet company after only two years of mostly good work.

I'm not sure that "corporate culture" is exactly the term I'm looking for here. We artistic types can be pretty naive when it comes to handling the language of finance and big business. But it cannot have escaped anyone's attention that large chunks of New York's cultural life are, indeed, being controlled by one kind of conglomerate or another. Carnegie Hall, for example, has extended its operations far beyond the area of simply renting out its auditoriums. Town Hall, under a new and energetic manager, is also trying to regain its former prestige by producing its own concert series as well as renting itself to other performers. And we all know that Lincoln Center wouldn't be caught dead thinking of itself merely as a landlord. Its press releases from the beginning have neatly sidestepped questions of real estate, and rattled on piously with such airborne words as "project" and "concept."

When it comes to the idea of the cultural corporation, City Center led the way. Never mind whether Fiorello LaGuardia's original dream—of a vast



people's gathering-place, offering plays, music and dance of the highest quality for practically peanuts at the box-office—has been exactly realized in the 28 years since the place was opened. There are always sparks when dreams collide with realities, and the present $7.95 box-office top for City Center productions is a long way from peanuts. The important thing is that the City Center idea, the concept of a cultural center that was both a building and a producer of entertainments to fill that building, has shaped a great deal of the structure of the cultural life of this city and others in the land.

When Lincoln Center came along, there was bound to be a clash. On the one hand, there was a going cultural concern, sponsoring two of the country's most respected cultural assets—the New York City Opera and the New York City Ballet—greatly admired and successful, subsidized by the city at least to the extent of getting its own building for a dollar a year. On the other, there was a hugely expensive new cultural complex, lavishly underwritten by the Rockefeller family, but still obviously out to make a lot of noise and a lot of money. In a sense, the constant battle between City Center and Lincoln Center, which came to a head in 1964 when the control of the New York State Theater was turned over to the City Center management—was a small but accurate reflection of the struggles between New York City and Albany that go on today. It was a struggle for power and prestige in the abstract, only further intensified by the hassle-within-a-hassle between the arthritic, ossified Metropolitan Opera and the energetic, upcoming City Opera.*

The irony was not lost on most observers last May, when it was announced that City Center would take over the management of the Vivian Beaumont Theater complex, thus giving the older organization control of two of Lincoln Center's four major auditoriums. The Beaumont, and its principal tenant, the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, has been without doubt the most plagued of Lincoln Center's constituents. The troubles dated back to before the building was even opened, when the Repertory Theater was struggling in a temporary home near Washington Square and its founders, Robert Whitehead and Elia Kazan, lost out in a power battle with William Schuman. They continued when the company moved uptown, and the years passed with one sorry production after another. Obviously, the takeover of the theater by City Center isn't going to guarantee an unbroken series of hit shows by the Repertory Theater, but it is going to help with finances and it will also bring other companies from other cities into the theater to broaden the range of offerings.

This move will also involve Lincoln Center with movies on a regular basis for the first time, with the establishment of a string of theaters in the rebuilt Beaumont building to show the

**The opera struggle can never be resolved, although the forthcoming change of personality in the Met's management will certainly alleviate the bitterness. A year ago—to cite an example—Bing was allowed to veto, via the Lincoln Center Council, Rudel's proposed new production for Beverly Sills of* The Daughter of the Regiment *because if the one the Met had planned for Joan Sutherland. That kind of exercise of power helps nobody. The Met needs the City Opera—and, indeed, has been rescued more than once by the last-minute loan of a City Opera singer—and City Opera needs the Met. We, needless to say, need both.*

Illustrated by Ken Rinciari

holdings of Henri Langlois' Cinémathèque. This move has not, however, been universally heralded, as readers of John Simon's page in this magazine may have noted a few weeks ago. It is perfectly true, as Simon pointed out, that the rebuilding of the Beaumont will 1) disturb and cut into the facilities of the main Beaumont theater, 2) force the relocation and rebuilding of the handsome, small Forum theater, 3) give Langlois a lot of power in the New York movie scene and 4) fill Lincoln Center with a lot of film buffs who tend not to be as well-dressed as, say, Thursday night audiences at Philharmonic Hall.

All things considered, the brighter aspects of this proposed change do tend to outweigh the darker ones. Yes, says Richard Clurman, City Center's chairman, the move will chop off some backstage space from the Beaumont, but this space has almost never been used anyhow. The Beaumont's lavish original design, with stage machinery that struck visiting theater people with awe, has proved impractical over the years. The rotating stage, for example, hasn't been used since the theater first opened. No matter how much money the Repertory Company makes in the future, chances are the machinery *won't* be used. Sure, the Forum will be disturbed, but it *will* be rebuilt, with its design and proportion intact. Sure, Langlois' collection of 60,000 films contain, according to the pure law of averages, a great deal of inferior work, but it can serve as the nucleus of a growing collection and you have to start somewhere. (And I might add here that the unwashed neuroticism of film-freak audiences strikes me as a lot healthier spectacle than the scrubbed torpor of Philharmonic Hall crowds.)

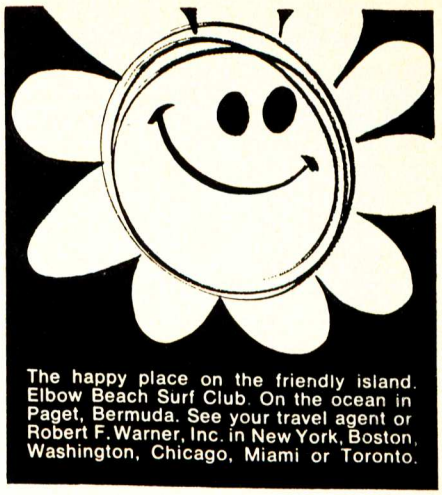
The rebuilding of the Beaumont facilities will be done in stages, over a period of from 18 months to two years, without disturbing the main theater at any time. Not a single present facility at Lincoln Center will, ultimately, be destroyed in the rebuilding process. And, for the public at large, one major result of the installation of City Center management at the Beaumont will be that ticket prices at that theater, like those at State Theater and the City Center itself, will be knocked down to whatever the going City Center maximum happens to be at the time: not peanuts, perhaps, but a great deal cheaper than caviar.

Some outrage can also be expected for the next City Center move, since it is no longer a secret that time is now running out for that dusty old monstrosity on 55th Street. The plans here call for a new building, with a theater on street level comparable in size to the present auditorium, and an office skyscraper above. All right, we fought for Penn Station; we fought for the old Met, and there are probably thousands of folks in town whose sentimental memories of great happenings at the rebuilt Mecca Temple on 55th Street blotted out other memories of horrendous acoustics, insulting sightlines and wretchedly cramped lobby space. Others, however, may be counted on for a more rational view of such things, and the gain to the city in tax revenues from the new building should help win a few arguments.

The bad news from Brooklyn is almost enough to counteract all these bright prospects. Unquestionably, the demise of Eliot Feld's American Ballet Company after its brief, and necessarily tentative, career cannot be taken as a reflection on the company itself. Two years is simply not enough time for any organization that requires the coordination and interaction of a ballet troupe to prove its quality.

The sad fact is that the Brooklyn Academy has simply not gained enough public support to justify as many money-losing ventures as it has sponsored. Harvey Lichtenstein, the Academy's director, is one of the most adventurous promoters in the city, and one of the few people in high places with a genuine sense of adventure and an awareness of the responsibilities toward the arts that his position carries. I remember running into him at Santa Fe last summer, at the premiere of Luciano Berio's *Opera*. The work had fallen like a dud bomb among the sparse and hostile audience. It might be overstating the case to say that Harvey and I were the only ones there who liked it, but not by much. He was talking animatedly about bringing it to Brooklyn; I told him he'd lose his shirt. "I know," he said, his eyes fairly dancing with excitement. Suicidal? I don't think so . . . just noble.

But then I pick up the State Theater program booklet for the New York City Ballet and read something like this, in an article on the ABT's fortunes by Douglas Turnbaugh: "In New York City, all visiting dance companies of any stature play the Metropolitan Opera House . . . presented to maximum advantage and not asked to go way out to Brooklyn and other such places to perform." This kind of attitude, preserving the notion that Brooklyn is an inaccessible area on the other side of the world filled with monsters and demons and reachable only after days on the BMT, is what may kill Brooklyn Academy completely one of these days. It is an attitude that is as stupid, superstitious, provincial and damaging as it is uninformed. Is there no hope?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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER EIGHTY-NINE

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

Apparently, beatniks converge downtown every Friday...

Above, a possible beginning for an alphabetical dissertation entitled "A Tourist's View of Fun City." Using each letter of the alphabet (in order), competitors are invited to submit a 26-word essay on this topic.

Results of Competition Eighty-six

The Competition: "Fifty lumps please, and hold the cream . . ." Competitors were invited to submit one-line attention-getters designed to further colloquy with a stranger.

Report: Stranger is right. A very strange lot indeed. A few of our old complaints recurred: 1. multiple submissions from the same individuals (perhaps the welcome presence of many new competitors explains this rule-stretching); 2. the imitation of the tone or setting of our own example ("Tuna on dogwood, to go"), and 3. flagrantly ancient ploys: "Only one earring, Miss?" A smattering of déjà views and a smuttering of rest-room humor. But the major prevailing fault was the use of jokes-per-se, as in Jackie Vernon's "Pardon me, but have you seen a Congressional Medal of Honor anywhere around?" For some reason, deformities and communicable (if not social) diseases were popular, as were: travelogue dialogue ("Didn't we meet at _____?"), Martian words, strange pets, and the old switcheroo, as in: "Your slip is not showing" or "Pardon me, sir, but your slip is showing." Other arresting (some literally) approaches: offers of Park Avenue duplexes for $125 per month; tow-away warnings; "Would you please hold (or watch) my _____ for me?"; "You're stepping (or sitting) on my _____"; and "You're a dead ringer (speaking of Quasimodo) for so-and-so." Ah, well. What can you say about a twenty-five-year-old joke that dies? Not much. After sifting through so many bizarre conversational attempts, some of the more prosaic come-ons seemed apter and more disarming. At least *we'd* answer the following:

First prizes of "The Columbia-Viking Desk Encyclopedia" (Viking Press) to:

"I am Daniel Ellsberg."
Sam Bassin, Bklyn.

"Of course she's very graceful on stage, but you know those are not really her own hands."
Howard Newman, NYC

"That cobra isn't getting enough air!"
Peter Stone, East Hampton, N.Y.

Runner-up prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

"I Am Who Am."
Don de Nicola, Bklyn.

"Oh, a Maltby puzzle; would you please hand me that pen?"
Ralston Hill, NYC

"Hello, my name is Spartacus Bernstein."
Spartacus Bernstein, Bklyn. Hts., N.Y.
sp. mention: Peter Pussydog, NYC

And Honorable Mention to all:

"I've heard so much about you from your twin."
Ellen S. Ryp, NYC

"I don't care what time it is, and I have a match . . ."
Marc Melvin, NYC

"Is that Miss or Mr.?"
N. Newgent, Washington, D.C.

"Pardon me, but does that phone work?"
Joan Wilen, NYC

"Is 'hold-up' one word or two?"
John Walker, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

"Take me to Bedford-Stuyvesant, driver ..."
Barbara Metsky, Washington, D.C.

"Excuse me, is this the ten-items-or-less line?"
Josephine Burns, Jersey City, N.J.

"Boy, it's a good thing you don't happen to be superstitious."
Rees Behrendt, NYC

"Taxi! Gracie Mansion, please."
Robert Emmett, NYC
Harvey Chipkin, Rutherford, N.J.

"Main floor . . . watch your pocketbook."
Mary Conte, N. Miami, Fla.

"Could you direct me to the nearest convent or pawn shop?"
Tom Morrow, NYC

"Hey, man, need any spare change?"
Raymond Kauders, NYC

"If you live on West 87th Street between Central Park West and Columbus, I think I may once have been your cat."
Dan Greenburg, NYC

"Excuse me, did you drop this newt?"
Molly Yonderhill, NYC

"You're standing on my tail."
George Malko, NYC
similarly from: Marsha Levy, Bklyn.

"Pardon me, but if that's a fall, I believe you're wearing my hair."
D. Kotteb, NYC

"Hey, did you hear about atomic radiation?"
Peg Biagiotti, Bklyn.

"I wish I knew how to stop making money."
Paul Weiss, Washington, D.C.

"As an economy measure the elevators in our building run down only."
Edith H. Coogler, Atlanta, Ga.

"Are you here alone, or should I start with your mother?"
N. Bayer, Ruston, Va.

"I understand you were an adopted child."
Joseph T. Rigo, NYC

"Great Caesar's ghost, my good man, but you're the spitting image of Bjorn Andresen."
Arthur Weller, Interlaken, N.J.

"She says she's really getting into midgets . . ."
Mrs. A. Geman, Amherst, Mass.

"There once was a man from Dundee . . ."
Eleanor Barry, Rocky Hill, Conn.

"Do you speak English?"
Jane Milbrath, Cullowhee, N.C.

"You're flat again . . ."
Chas. Renick Jr., Great Neck, N.Y.

"You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive."
S. S. Smith, Cooperstown, N.Y.

"Oh, my God, I left my baby on that bus!"
Grant M. Waldman, NYC

"Two doors to the left, but I don't use their bathroom any more."
Hedley Burnell, Washington, D.C.

"Of course, my father's the only Orangeman in the whole of Belfast who's actually orange."
Laurence M. Pretty, NYC

"Perhaps you noticed the rash on my hand when we were introduced . . ."
Arnold Rosenfeld, Dayton, Ohio

"Have you heard about Luchino Visconti's death in Venice?"
Laura Donenfeld, NYC

"Abaft the barnacle lies an overstuffed lazarette."
Chas. M. Lane, N. Haven, Conn.

"Excuse me, your moustache is missing."
Barbara Cates, NYC

"I'd like to return this defective Bible."
John S. Sherman Jr., Morris Plains, N.J.

"Would you mind holding this match while I pour the kerosene over my head?"
Miles & Judith Klein, E. Brunswick, N.J.

"Have you a hypodermic needle I might borrow for a few minutes?"
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

"Excuse moi, quelle heure est Rona Barrett sur ici?"
Anne Commire, NYC

"As I was just saying to my friend Howard Hughes . . ."
Andrew & Renee Herz, NYC
similarly from: Michael Deskey, NYC

"Madam, you may think it's all very funny, but my hyena doesn't."
Chuck Suttoni, NYC

"I don't know about you folks, but I've got to work tomorrow."
Carol Petras, NYC

"Do you happen to have a roller-skate key?"
Ted Heyman, Chicago, Ill.

"My dog lies about her age."
Carla Rich, NYC

"Again last night he left his shoes in the refrigerator."
Gloria Ullman, Los Angeles, Calif.

"I was at a small get-together the other night and right in the middle of . . . 'Sha-Boom, Sha-Boom,' who should walk in but Diane Varsi . . ."
Rita Oakes, Drexel Hill, Pa.

"Quick, if you value our national security, take this attaché case and meet me under the Biltmore clock in twenty minutes."
Marshall Karp, NYC
sp. mention: Mrs. Mitchell Kern, Midland, Mich.

"Oh, *you're* the one that's Nixon."
Louis de la Foret, New Orleans, La.
similarly from: Robert Chamblee, NYC

". . . perhaps a cup of arrack in the ashrack of your humble arriviste."
Bob McLaughlin, Bronx

"Yes."
Brenda F. Gustin, NYC

"Aren't the walls unusually perpendicular with the ceiling?"
Margaret Cherol, Hanover, Pa.

"I probably shouldn't mention this, but—oh, never mind."
Ruth Ellen Galper, NYC

"What did the witch do to turn you into a frog in the first place?"
A. S. Cappelli, Providence, R.I.

"This is very important, my life is at stake, I'm going to embrace you . . . for God's sake just act natural."
James S. Kirby, E. Longmeadow, Mass.

"I hope you have Blue Cross coverage."
Marilyn Crystal, Bklyn.

"I'd like two tickets for *Oh! Calcutta!* Friday evening, one in the front row and one in the balcony . . ."
Donald Elman, NYC

"Pardon me for staring, but you are the image of my wife before the operation."
Susan Schneider, Scarsdale, N.Y.

"You're lucky John Simon doesn't know you."
Joel Frome Crystal, Bklyn.

"While rape and pillage are to be deplored, I must say . . ."
Rev. Vincent P. Gorman, Bronx

"Why is everyone singing 'Nearer My God to Thee'?"
A. J. Stein, NYC

"Pardon, sir, but when that pay phone rings would you answer and say you are speaking for Cornelia?"
Herbert C. Holt, Woodstock, Vt.

"So, what's the story?"
Alan Fox, Little Neck, N.Y.

"I don't wear underwear in the summertime . . ."
Richard Van Wiebe, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

"What do you mean you're somebody's grandmother—I left my wolf here!"
Bonnie Stein, NYC

"There's something you must try with a stuffed owl and cantaloupe halves in a water bed."
Norton Bramesco, NYC

"I'm trying to think of a conversation starter for a New York Magazine Competition . . ."
Ilene McGrath, Englewood, N.J.
sp. mention: Joseph Brownman, Alexandria, Va.

Contest Rules: Entries should be sent to Competition Editor, *New York* Magazine, 207 East 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016, and must be received by Aug. 6. Please write the number of the competition on the envelope. Editors' decisions are final, and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winner (or winners) will receive Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*, Fourteenth Edition (Little, Brown). Runners-up will receive a one-year subscription to *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in issue of Aug. 30.

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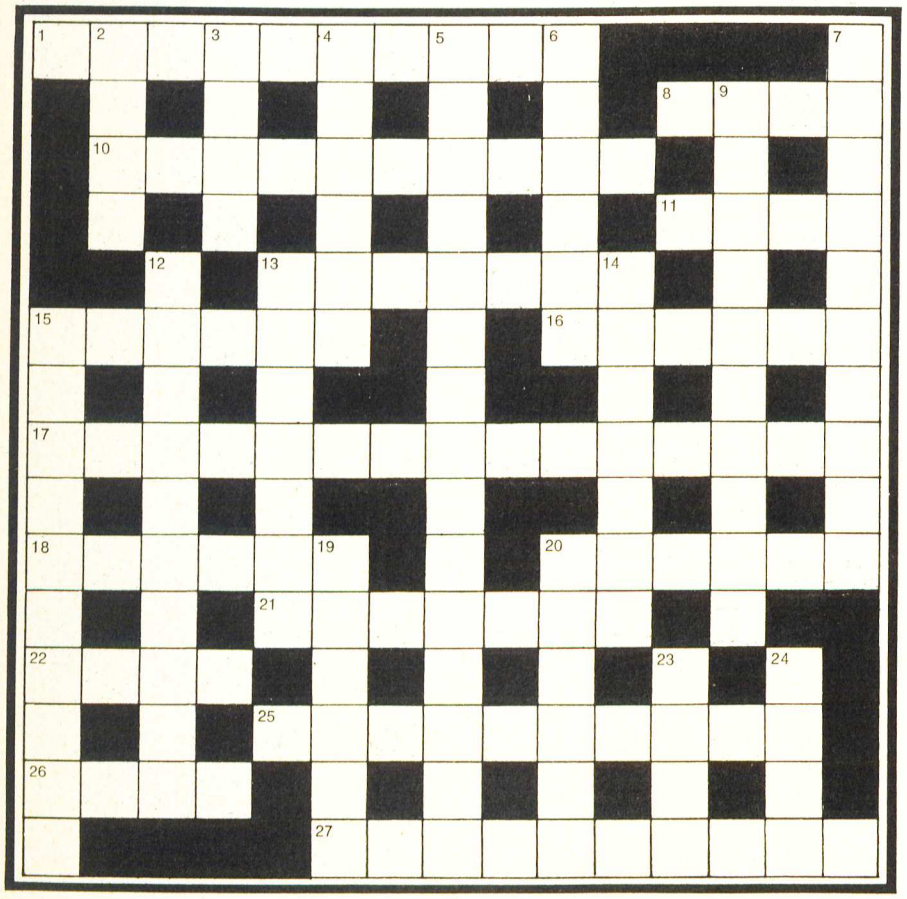
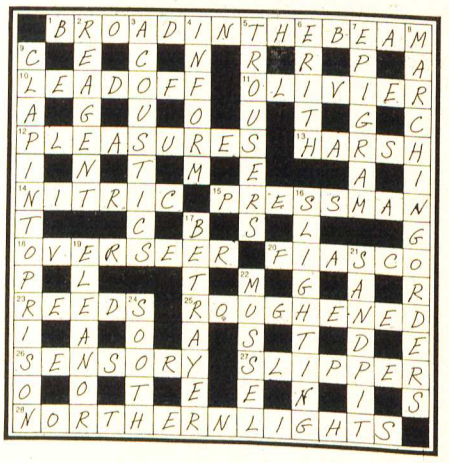


Solution to Last Issue's Puzzle



Clues

ACROSS

1 Boys' holiday places where the upper-class are in bed among rascals. (5, 5)

8 Poem which is always in the picture. (4)

10 Envoys spread germs round Germany city. (10)

11 Voice in keeping with a moral tone. (4)

13 On fire although born idle. (7)

15 Brings up, being involved as sire. (6)

16 Channel for one who removes the contents. (6)

17 Strike a master with punishment following, and get into the news. (3, 3, 9)

18 Abraham and Leslie provide the trees. (6)

20 With some warmth the high school goes to the wide open spaces. (6)

21 "Then felt I like some ___ of the skies" (*Keats*). (7)

22 Something women wear, it may appear in the window. (4)

25 The member I criticized did his job in Parliament. (10)

26 "'tis only thinking Lays ___ underground" (*Housman*). (4)

27 Residents scattered round the little yard are northeasterners. (10)

DOWN

2 Amount offered by firm to me. (4)

3 Island where one can change one's suit. (4)

4 Fish baskets provide one with a little credit on fish. (6)

5 Arsenal at the top of the division? It's in the paper! (8, 7)

6 Bound for a season. (6)

7 Russian politicians who have a funny bit to cross. (10)

9 Province where one keeps a language in one's head. (10)

12 Upset, but passed away without strain. (10)

13 Be a little animal and curse. (7)

14 Rose discovered by half the guys on a tree. (7)

15 Practices which are distributed in real shares. (10)

19 Irregular feasts are the least dangerous. (6)

20 A foreign country possesses about one measure. (6)

23 A lot of horses for the boss. (4)

24 River in which the German is after a duck. (4)

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Fill ¾ full with orange juice
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